

# Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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## An Outing In Australian Bush



The turning of the Donna Buang road in a fern gully.

A halt in the bush.

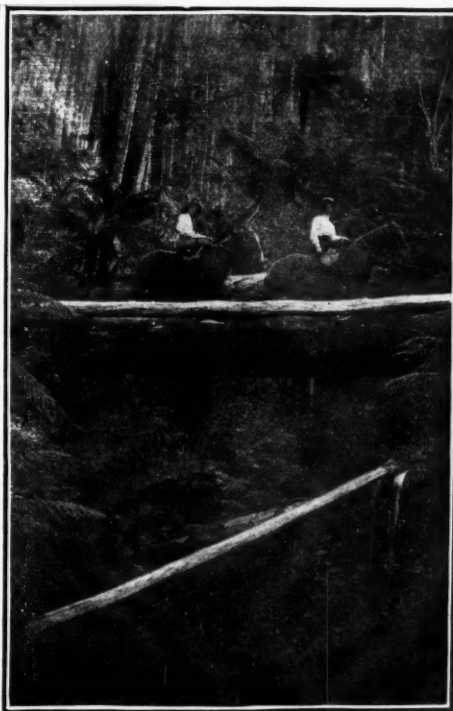


**A** TRIO of deaf bush rambles comprising my brother, friend and myself, set out from Warburton (50 miles from Melbourne) on a four-mile tramp to Mt. Donna Buang which is gradually becoming noted for its magnificent panorama. It was a sultry morning. We forced our way up the mountain through dense scrub along narrow ledges, over rocks, fallen trees and creeks. Two hours later, a cool breeze sprang up, and far out in the west a storm was sweeping rapidly over the mountains towards us. It being just over noon, we hurriedly made a fire and put the billy on. Tea made, we crept under an immense log which rested on several smaller ones, having previously piled some palings at the back to keep out the rain and wind.

Quite suddenly, thick white clouds enveloped us, much to my city-bred friend's alarm, but she soon enjoyed this thrilling experience. And the wind rose swiftly until it blew a terrific gale. The gums (all over 100 feet high) bent their limbs to the gale, tossing and shaking them violently against one another and hurling any amount of their twigs and shedding bark in all directions. Now there came the loud growling of the thunder; peal after peal rolled in rapid succession. Every now and then the blue flare of the lightning flashed through the darkening clouds, and down came the rain in torrents.

Fascinated, we watched the rain slash in blinding fury against great, smooth gum boles and rocks, queer insects pitifully struggle out of their hiding places only to be dashed down, gay birds huddle together under the safe shelter of trees, blue yabbies clamber whimsically out of the muddy and fast swelling creek, and rare snake like earth-worms, two feet long, appear mysteriously on the pathway. Everywhere the water rushed, down boles, along tracks, in creek, over rocks and logs, and—the rain itself.

In the midst of all, and well sheltered, we ate our lunch with great joviality and appreciated



On the way to Donna Buang Mountain. Riding on the timber tramway. Photographed from the lower bridge (unseen).

the delicious hot tea all the more. Still raining hard! Nearly two hours spent under shelter. We began to shiver in our thin clothes which had seemed of a blanket weight when the climb was started. At length the rain ceased, the clouds lifted up and the dear sun beat warmly on us.

Only half way up to Donna Buang. No retreat

for us after such a strenuous, hot climb. On and up we went with light steps in spite of the mud. Ever and ever higher, round spur after spur until we triumphantly reached the peak, whose summit rears itself to the height of 4,000 feet.

There we beheld a heavenly spectacle which branded itself on our memory. Around was a vast sea of mountains rolling into a myriad of motionless waves and thereby melting into the white vapours of the heavens. The pale blue of distant ranges blending softly with the nearer, deeper blue ones, and then again with the grey-green of the surrounding mountains, emphasizing the richer verdure of the nearest foliage in bright sunlight. Aloft stretched the brilliant, deep blue vault, in which white fleecy clouds trailed slowly towards the east. Over all brooded ineffable serenity and solitude, assisted by the lightness of the atmosphere which lent a peculiar fascination to the landscape. Magic of form, softness of outline, beauty of colouring spreading from horizon to horizon. Marvellous Nature!

As we had long passed our time limit, we reluctantly turned our faces homewards and took a longer course, desiring to see more of the scenery and anticipating we would be home at about seven o'clock, at least before dusk. Down the winding new road cut out of the mountain side which made an easy tramp, we walked briskly, feeling fit for the next day's ramble. Our hearts sang with gladness, because there again lay all loveliness and witchery around. It was to us a day of strange, wonderful entertainment and delightful enlightenment. All day we took interesting observations and gained many of Mother Nature's secrets. We felt richer for the knowledge.

Parrots of richest plumage rose, in hundreds, from the ground at our approach, soared flamingly in sunshine, and settled high among the white skeletons of the giants,—a gorgeous sight. Down in the glade we observed a couple of beautiful lyre birds matchmaking. A timid wallaby darted by. Here and there happily flitted hand-

some little birds, and giant butterflies of marvelous colouring. Alluring sky, wondrous atmosphere, majestic mountains, lovely gullies and trees, and bewitching birds tempted us to linger leisurely, but time forbid us.

Sores of fern gullies were passed. The steeper we went the grander they became until we reached one that surpassed all the rest. Many of the woolly trunks of these fern trees grew to the height of about twenty feet and from their tops the fronds spread out evenly, the crowns fully fifteen feet across, of shades varying from the palest to the darkest of green. Underneath were fine specimens of ferns of all kinds and sizes, draped with flowering creepers. We raved over the rich and primitive beauty of this bower. But fern gullies are always a delight to us. Regretfully, we passed on.

Now ripe sunshine lingered about the peaks, and through the forest flowed the tide of soft, dusky light. My goodness! The road was miles longer than we supposed and still at over 2,000 feet elevation, always pointing alternately to the northeast and southeast. We wondered when it would ever curve backwards towards the west where our home lay. There was no other way but to follow the road on, mile after mile penetrating into the very heart of the silent, mysterious bush and further away from home. The gray of the evening subsequently turned into purple, the purple deepened into gloom. The red road became deep brown, the gum trees dark columns, the mountains grim pyramids, the sky leaden and our hearts silent with awe.

The rain pattered fitfully. We floundered wearily in the mud and stumbled over stones, at

the time brushing with wet bushes which splashed and stung our faces and arms like stock whip. In darkest glades we felt the way with our staffs, clasping one another's arms and trembling with the thought that a false step might mean a horrible fall over the black precipice. The feet ached and crackled unpleasantly in wet boots. Our strength was slowly but surely giving out, for the pitiless darkness seemed to take all vitality out of our bodies. Still further and further on. How many miles, we had no idea. Oh, the voidness and stillness of the night! No smiling stars or moon above!

But a miracle came. High in heavens the clouds parted and let the full moon peep through. The wonderful panorama of weird beauty lay unfolded before us and it seemed to us that we were in another world. Mountain, valley and world flooded with the moon's silver radiance. Below us floated here and there masses of cloud gleaming like snow against purple shadows of precipice. Towering mountains of a deep gray reposed like children sleeping peacefully. Great white holes stood motionless like sentries, dark bushes snugly nestling underneath. Hundreds and hundreds of feet below in the valley dotted tiny white houses, through the river Yarra trickled like a streak of quicksilver. With a great heart bound we caught a glimpse of the road below which we would very soon pass along. Then the clouds covered the moon, plunging us once more into pitch darkness. But we regained some of our strength, and cheerily proceeded on our way as the road was now in a better and safer condition. Presently at last it turned back, we danced for joy. Then we knew there were

less than six miles before us. Onward we trudged. Hosts of brilliant phosphorous fungi came in sight some twenty yards away, the largest measuring eight inches in diameter. Each of us carried some, the glow of which enabled us to tell space between us as we quickly trooped down in single file, and over which we spoke on fingers, (Previously we talked into one another's hands in the dark).

Nearer and nearer home. The open country now lay before us and we soon passed a man, the first since we met two horsemen at Donna Buang. All the way down we never rested but once or twice, then only for about ten minutes. A short cut through the township and paddocks brought us to our house at quarter past ten, very tired and hungry. We learnt afterwards that we had covered fourteen miles on the homeward way, according to the mile posts which we missed in the dark, thus making eighteen miles in all. However, my friend said it was a mistake. She was sure we walked more than thirty miles, but she was only a "new chum." Like all enthusiasts, she would like to have many more mile posts put in and the mileage increased.

The following week we again went up to Donna Buang on horseback, riding twenty eight miles up and back. We each had a purpose; my brother to take photographs of beauty spots, the friend to see the peak in snow which fell the day before, (I think I can see you smile) and I, well, just to see it all over again. We met with many more experiences, but there, I am running away with too much space, and must now halt.

DAISY MUIR.

MALVERN, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

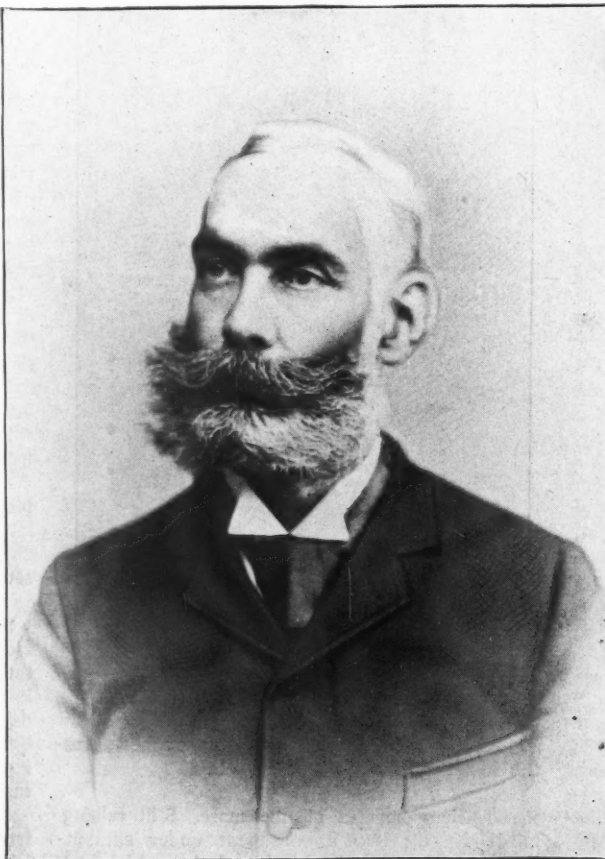
## A Tribute to the Former Superintendent of the New Jersey School



THE following editorial tribute to Professor Weston Jenkins, M.A., who died suddenly of pneumonia in Talladega, Ala., on Easter Day, appeared in the Deaf-Mutes' Journal in its issue of April 16:

"Weston Jenkins was an educator of the deaf for nearly forty-five years. He first taught at the New York Institution, where he was colleague of the late Dr. Francis Devereux Clarke and Principal Enoch Henry Currier. He climbed by successive grades, till finally, for nearly if not quite ten years, he was teacher of the High Class. In 1883 he resigned to take charge, as Principal, of the newly-created New Jersey State School for the Deaf at Trenton. He continued in that position for sixteen years, organizing and bringing to a high standard the work of the school. A year or two later, at a state Convention of the Deaf of New Jersey, his old-time pupils showed their gratitude and appreciation by the presentation of a massive loving-cup of hammered brass, which contained a suitable inscription skilfully engraved by one of their number. For a year or two he engaged in the real estate and insurance business, making his home in a quaint little village of New Jersey, called Englishtown, where he owned a residential property named "Cherry Knoll," and it has been his custom to spend the long summer vacations there ever since. For several years past Prof. Jenkins has been one of the valued teaching staff of the Alabama Institution at Talladega, as well as editor of the Messenger, a paper published at the school.

Weston Jenkins was a student at Williams College, in Massachusetts, when the Civil War broke out, and he laid aside his



WESTON JENKINS, M.A.  
First Superintendent of the New Jersey School,  
from 1883 to 1889. Also First Editor of the  
Silent Worker

books to serve his country as a Captain of United States Volunteers.

While at Fanwood he wooed and won Miss Isabelle Van Dewater, who, with one son and a daughter, survives him. She was also a teacher at Fanwood, and at present is one of the teaching corps at the Alabama Institution.

Weston Jenkins was a most lovable man. His tall, fine-set military bearing, made him a prominent and marked figure in any company of men. His face expressed the great intellect which he possessed. His manner was genial and courteous, and one could see in him the true born gentleman. To the deaf he was greatly attached and very friendly. His knowledge was varied and profound. He was marvelously skilled in the principles of pedagogy. The splendor of his diction—for as a writer he was both polished and prolific—placed him in the first rank among men who make the pen and pencil talk with interest and charm, and his every sentence denoted a man of great intellectual scope and grasp, and keen, analytical, qualities of mind. He had a high sense of justice, and would scorn to do a dishonorable act. The writer knew him as a friend, and always entertained the highest admiration for his ability as a teacher, while he loved him for his unassuming and kindly devotion to the deaf."

Particulars of the funeral and burial have not been received up to the time of going to press, but we are informed that the remains were to be taken to Boonton, N. J., for burial, on Thursday, April 16th, by the bereaved family, consisting of his wife Isabelle, his daughter Ruth, and two sons, Van and Weston, Jr.



# Deaf Editors of the Little Paper Family

By J. H. McFARLANE

**T**HOSE MASTERS of the magic type-writer keys, who pour out thereby upon our pedagogical ranks at their pleasure either a fire more awesome than that of the instruments of war or, if their mood be poetic, a rhapsody of song, are—would you believe it?—a shy lot. Not till I assayed to collect the requisite data for this write-up—a hunt that consumed many months of “watchful waiting,” during which I had to employ grabbling hooks to draw them out, did I know it. Some of them at the sight of the camera actually held up their hands like two-year olds, such an aversion has the average deaf editor to being “took.” At length, however, I succeeded in “shooing in” a greater number of them than ever before appeared together and I herewith present in these widely-read pages the result. If the signs of the times are to be believed the present devastating wave of oralism will yet render their species extinct, hence my anxiety to record their physiognomies for the edification of coming generations.

Number one, as might be said in presenting a Chautauqua star, “needs no introduction,” as he is editor of the organ of the National Association for the deaf, but that another bouquet won't hurt him, you'll admit, by glancing at the following abbreviated record. Its brevity is accounted for in the subject's modest confession that “it's rather embarrassing to write about one's self.” We leave it, therefore, to the reports of the national conventions of the deaf to tell what he wouldn't tell about himself.

Edwin A. Hodgson has graced the editorial seat of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* for thirty-six years! Gaze on that ye youngsters who fill editorial space—he was doing it before you were able to let out a yell! The other sidelights on his career that we have at hand are these: “Born in England; came to the United States at four years of age. Lost hearing when about nineteen. Got his education outside the schools for the deaf—in grammar schools and college. M.A. (Hon.) Gallaudet. Delivered oration at unveiling of Garfield Bust at Gallaudet, also made address at presentation of Gallaudet Statue to College in 1889, as President of the N. A. D. Honorary or active member of nearly half a hundred organizations of the deaf. Decorated, 1913, by French Government, “Officer of Public Instruction.”

Another who feels that he is eligible to a place in the ranks of the Old Guard is “Col.” McClure, who has had editorial charge of the *Kentucky Standard*



EDWIN A. HODGSON.  
Veteran Editor of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*

for thirty years.” Taking a backward glance he says, “I got into the game about the same time as did Hodgson, Smith, Blattner, Harris Taylor, Euritt, Jenkins, Long and other good fellows, and while we were young and took ourselves pretty seriously, especially in the leading editorials, there was generally something doing among the boys when it came to the shorter paragraphs. I have enjoyed my work and the opportunity of service to the deaf and the wider acquaintance in the profession that it had afforded.” In calling on the editor of the *Standard* for data I asked him his favorite drink, supposing that to be the proper way to approach a Kentucky editor. But the way he came back at me, sermonizing with “Young man, beware!” convinced me that the prohibition wave must have struck the blue grass State pretty hard.

One of the “Big guns” whose hot shot has been felt all along the line of the l. p. f. these many years is

the editor of that model paper, the *Minnesota Companion*, Dr. J. L. Smith. In the editorial ranks of the papers for the deaf everybody waits to hear what “Dr. Jimmy” says, his opinion carrying the weight of a bold, original thinker on all subjects pertaining to the education of the deaf. “You ask data,” he responds. “There isn't any such thing in my case. I simply sat down in the ed. chair in the fall of 1885 and have sat there ever since. My first essay at editorial work was as an amateur in 1878. You have noticed in a recent issue of *The Companion* a replica of the *Popgun*, which I fired off at random at that time and with no execution, so far as I am aware. And that has been the way I have done ever since, I suppose. My favorite flour is Pillsbury's best. There you have my obituary in a nutshell. Make the best of it.”

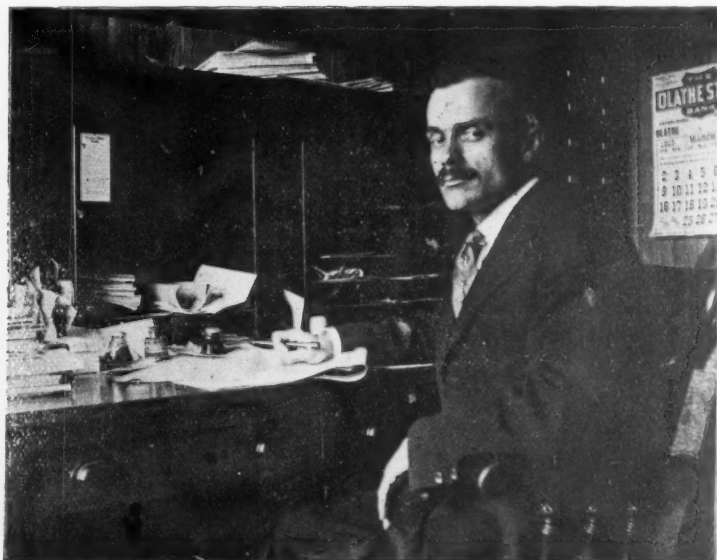
The most checkered career of all the deaf editors is that of George Wm. Veditz, who put his life into and killed more papers for the deaf than the average reader can remember of. Editor Veditz's special hobby is independent papers for “the children of silence,” but once he gets to thundering his ideas in one of these organs the deaf are kept speculating as to who'll get hit next. The trouble is that the caliber of the editorial gun he fires is so big in proportion to the little publications on which he delights to mount it that he can't fire it off long without shattering everything underneath.

Such a career as his demands some biography, but it is best told as an autobiography. Listen then to his “thriller.”

“I first tried my 'prentice hand at newspaper work by writing for the *Journal* way back in 1877 and very likely am its oldest correspondent still in harness, having written for it off and on under a dozen or more aliases ever since. Just now have foresworn this bad habit and when I do send it communications, wise or otherwise, use the names given me at the baptismal font. My first connection with a print shop dates back to 1878 when it was decided to open one at the Maryland School, in Frederick, but when the wherewithal to secure a regular, skilled and experienced printerman was lacking. I was seventeen at the time. The Principal, the late Dr. Charles Wright Ely, asked me if I thought I could learn enough of the trade during vacation to take charge of the new shop in the fall and to initiate the class to be assigned to his trade into its mysteries. I thought I could, and put the whole summer to use accordingly, taking only two days off July 4 and the date of our annual re-union and picnic. \*\*\*



DR. J. L. SMITH, EDITOR OF THE MINNESOTA COMPANION



A. L. ROBERTS, EDITOR OF KANSAS STAR

"I was in charge of this office for two years and then decided that the College at Washington needed me, and therefore went there to supply this long felt want. While at College was second in the long line of its correspondents to the *Journal*. Dr. Fox being my sole and immediate predecessor. Four years later, in 1884, the College got tired of me and turned me adrift, and I found anchorage at the School in Frederick again, and in addition to my duties as cub teacher, I was also made editor of the *Bulletin*, a post I filled with extreme satisfaction to myself until 1888, when listening to the call of the wild, I hied myself the foot of Pike's Peak, and am now regarded as one of the pioneers of that region—leastways. I notice that any one who shuffles off this mortal coil now-a-days and has the fact noted in his obituary that he came here in the late eighties, is chalked down as 'one of the pioneers of our city.'

"While here I have been editor of the *Index* for two periods of four years each, the first from 1888 to 1892 and the second from 1901 to 1905. During my Colorado residence I have also been connected with several independent papers, serving as foreign editor of the late lamented *Exponent*; as exchange editor of the meteoric *Once-a-Week*; as editor-in-chief of the *Deaf American* from 1907 until a few weeks before its ultimate and untimely demise, in 1909, which latter event is in certain quarters attributed to the vitriolic quality of the ink I use; and lastly as editor-in-chief of the *Southern Optimist*, from almost its first issue until it gave up the unequal struggle for popular deaf-mute favor, and went to join the vast journalists, majority beneath the daisies.

"As to my favorite breed of fowl it is capon, the same that William Shakespear, Esq., immortalizes in his *Seven Ages* when he speaks of the justice—

In fair, round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise and modern instances.

Only neither the fair, round belly, nor the eyes severe and beard of formal cut form part of my make-up in this universal masquerade we all are players in."

The poet of the bunch—who does not know J. Schuyler Long?—does more versifying for the l. p. f. than anybody else. Every one of the school papers owes a debt to him. He helps put the frills on 'em as it were. A bit of autobiography follows:

"My connection with the newspapers of the deaf is pretty familiar to you, I guess. I began my career as an editor when fourteen. Three of us printer boys—Howard Hofsteater, Zach. B. Thompson and I, published the *Hawkeye Jr.*, while apprentices at the school here. It was a small folio, but made up in regular fashion, with editorial page, locals, etc., and circulated among the pupils only. I was the principal editor. At college I was one of a committee to make an effort to establish a college periodical. We sent out pledges for subscriptions to the alumni, but the



GEORGE MORRIS McCLURE, EDITOR OF KENTUCKY STANDARD, DANVILLE, KY.

responses were so few that Dr. Gallaudet did not favor our carrying it out and the matter waited a later effort and having failed in our undertaking we were forgotten when the history of the *Buff and Blue* was written. While in Wisconsin I was one of the Associate editors of the *Exponent*, which flourished for several years as an independent paper for the deaf. Regensburg was one of the financial backers of this paper, which was financed by a "stock company." McGregor, I believe, was the editor-in-chief and Cloud was the other associate editor. Coming to Council Bluffs, in 1901, I was assigned as general editor of the *Hawkeye* and have been the chief factor in filling the editorial columns and looking after the paper generally ever since.

"I have also been involved more or less with newspaper work outside the profession. During my vacations, for several years, I was employed at different times on the daily *Nonpareil* here as proof reader, telegraph editor, and editorial contributor to the paper. At one time for this paper I wrote a history of the Army of the Tennessee. It was printed as part of the Sunday issue of the paper at the time the veterans of this army were holding a reunion in Council Bluffs. The issue containing it was exhausted before I could get an extra copy for myself and the story was reprinted. Gen. Dodge wrote the owner of the paper that it was the most accurate and best concise history of the army he had seen. But, alas! my name did not figure as its author, as I was only a staff writer on the paper and get no particular credit aside from those in the office. This about the Army of the Tennessee article will hardly come in for a part of your story, but I happened to think of it and

mention it for your benefit. Incidentally I'll tell you that the story brought me about \$30 and that was more important than having my name at the mast-head of the article.

I believe that ends my career as an editor—up to date, at least. I can't remember any more counts in the indictment.

Across the Muddy Missouri, on soil cursed with political mix-ups, abides another poet-editor—or ex-editor, we should say, his career having been abruptly cut off by circumstances that do not at all discredit him. We refer to J. W. Sowell, whose editorials, like those of Editor Weston Jenkins, sounded the depths of pedagogic thought, and usually required a second reading. Mr. Sowell became editor of the *Nebraska Journal* in 1907, which position he held till recently. Like not a few of the other deaf editors he got his try-out on the College magazine, the *Buff and Blue*. During his editorship the "Old Yellow" never looked lean.

From a four-page folio—an "eyesore to the profession," Mr. Sowell enlarged the organ of the Nebraska School into a sixteen-page, respectable publication. On his assuming the duties of editor he received about a column more bouquets than most of the ink-slingers of the l. p. f. ever can hope for. His paper was meaty—so unlike the skim-milk variety which is far too common, that when you had read through it you didn't feel much like grabbing another. Not only in the editorial capacity did Mr. Sowell serve the paper; he gave it a financial footing, making it self-supporting through its advertisements.

On his retirement from the editors' circle Mr. Sowell received so many compliments that the wonder to the outsider is that he ever got out. Being one of those on the inside, i.e., knowing the shade of Nebraska politics as we do, the wonder is that he could remain in the chair so long. Speaking of the untimely exit of two of the best editors the school papers have had the *Florida Herald* said: "You always knew where to find Roberts and you knew where Sowell was at all times."

A Southern editor who gets out a "bird of paper"—the *Pelican*—the versatile Rev. Lorraine Tracy. He didn't send us much of a biography, being averse to talking about himself, but prefers to let his publication speak for him. His photo, also tells a whole lot, for, as he says, "you can see that I have everything pertaining to the craft at my back, including the towel without all the ink." This is how he sums up his career:

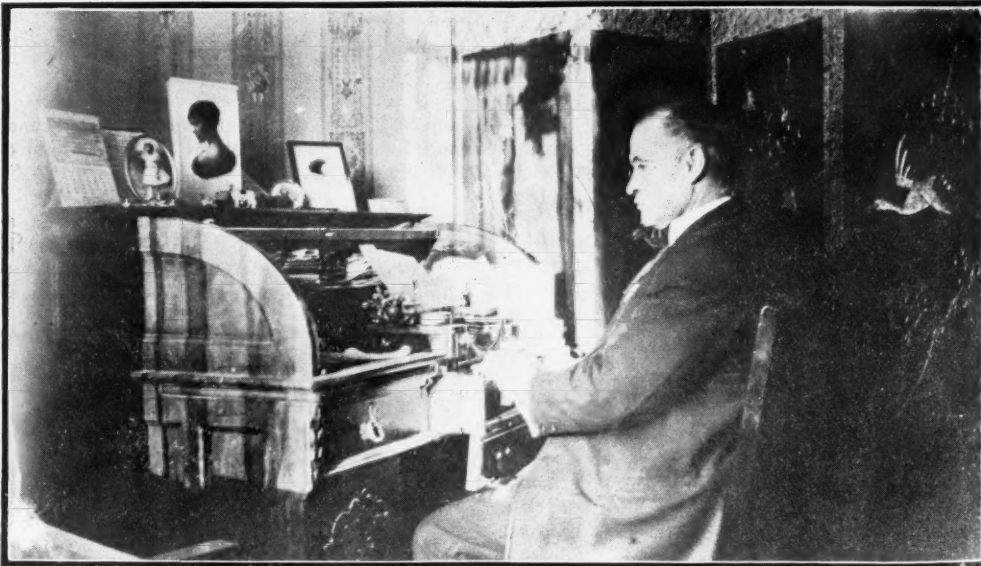
"Editor of the *Pelican* since 1891; am the only one that has sent a complete file of the paper to the Volta Bureau, the previous numbers been lost or destroyed. Learned typesetting at the Iowa School, and worked on and off in shop here and there. Am a member of the International Typographical Union. As to my work as an editor others must speak of this. Have written a History of the Louisiana School for the



EDITOR VEDITZ

(Typewriter in Photo. the same as was presented to Ed. Veditz at the Colorado Convention. The Cups are a few of the Trophies he has won At Poultry Shows.)





J. S. LONG, EDITOR OF IOWA HAWKEYE

Deaf for the Volta Bureau. An editor of *Our Little World* and *Our Story Teller* used by pupils here for language work. Favorite game? Lawn Tennis when I have the time to play.

The man who a year ago was kicking up the "Star Dust"—where is he? Verily the career of the deaf editor of the l. p. f. is like that of the baseball star; there he is and then "there he aint." The papers issu-

THOS. SHERIDAN, Editor  
North Dakota Banner

ing from our schools have had less to talk about since he got off the stool. His editorials always rang clear, not being tuned to soothe the itching ears of a few higher-ups. He was deposed for not bearing on the soft pedal,—in using which many of our editors are too expert.

Speaking of his bent he says:

"Printer's ink and my humble self became acquainted early, before I became deaf, at the age of 12. I couldn't have been more than 10 when an old style country printing office called me as devil, and since that time, over a lapse of 23 years, I have seldom been very far from the smell of ink and benzine. When I started in, power presses and linotypes were unknown in country shops, and I have often yanked the refractory lever of a Washington hand press, in the heat of summer, until my arm was almost out of joint.

"I was always a great admirer of the boss in the front office, and looked upon him as something akin to a hero, worthy of worship. I have had several bosses, in my time, but the old style country editor always had something of romance about him for me which I have never been able to imagine in connection with some editors of larger, even metropolitan papers, whom I have known.

"I used to write a good deal for the country papers on which I happened to be working, and do occasionally here for one of the Olathe papers. I wrote sporting articles for the *Washington Post* while in college, and did some work of that kind for the *Denver Times*.

As to my stormy career on the tripod of the *Kansas Star*, you know about as much as anyone else."

A type of editor that fits into our gallery nicely, lending some variety to it, is one whose environment—Devils Lake—is probably the toughest of any, and yet he gets out good editorials in spite of it! This little tip discloses the likeness of Thomas Sheridan, who looks as sober as Mark Twain, and can talk about as long without getting off a joke. If you need to be convinced read his contribution.

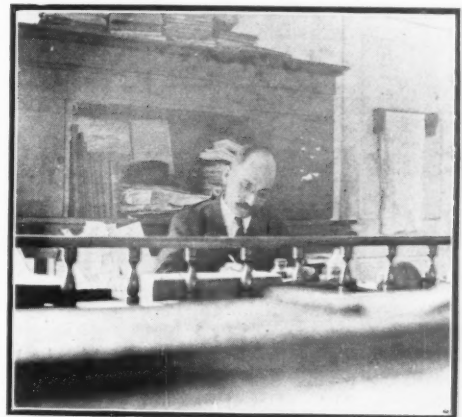
"I am now trying very hard to comply with your request in sending a little likeness of myself, but when it comes to that "bit of biography," I feel like fainting.

"To begin and to be short: I was born on the earth many years ago—in the early seventies, in the little city of Spring Valley, Minn., so I am Minnesotan by birth and a North Dakotan by choice, but as I spend part of my time each year in both states, I might as well call myself a Minnedakotan, and any one who has a heart large enough to spread over two big states ought to be doubly patriotic. I lost my hearing from scarlet fever, and almost gave up the ghost under the strain, but as life seemed dearer to me than my hearing I decided to live. I have been impressing upon my little five-year-old boy the fact that I could hear all right when I was a little older than he is now. I practically began my education at the Faribault School, and 'finished' it at Gallaudet College, and if I have learned anything since then, I ought to be happy indeed. I returned to Faribault to teach what I was supposed to have learned there, and finally left after fourteen years of hard labor and as many summer

vacations. When I bid the Supt. adieu, he sort of said I left a vacuum, but he did not explain whether it was in the school-room or in my head. Nevertheless I credit him with a kind heart and the best of intentions. I came to North Dakota in 1908 to take up the work I left off at Faribault and in addition to that I have since then been trying to make the *Banner* look attractive. The accompanying picture suggests something fierce. You will observe that I keep an onion on my typewriter (though it does not show plainly in the picture) and a hammer in one hand while turning out stuff for the *Banner*. There is a reason! The onion makes the editorials strong, and with the hammer I aim to hit the nail squarely on the head. Oftentimes I don't hit the nail on the head at all for the reason that I often use a headless variety of nails, although this is not as bad as a headless man who must necessarily be brainless.

"My constant companions and those I know best are my wife, a graduate of the Minnesota School, and two boys, five and two years old, both of them born in Devils Lake, one acquiring from its thermal atmosphere a somewhat hot temperament, but it cools off at Alexandria, Minn., whither the family go every summer to spend their vacation."

"I would like to say a lot more about myself—what I don't do and don't say, but I prefer to keep mum until "My Memoirs" are out in 1999."

H. L. TRACY, Editor  
Louisiana Pelican

#### MANILA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND BLIND

The interest was great in the marvelous advancement of these children in industrial work as well as academic. The space assigned for the public was not sufficient to hold those interested in watching the work of these children. The appeal of this work to the Filipino public was general and far-reaching.—*Filipino Educational Reoprt.*



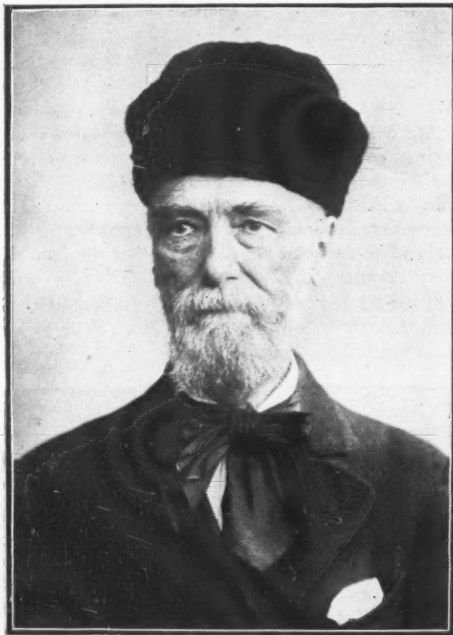
J. W. SOWELL, EDITOR OF THE NEBRASKA JOURNAL

## ERNSTOGRAPHS

By J. E. GALLAHER



In the Silent Worker for April, 1913, I had an article on "Deaf Men Engaged in Scientific Work," with James H. Logan's name heading the list. I explained why no portrait accompanied the sketch. In the middle of last November I received a letter from Mr. Logan



JAMES H. LOGAN, M.A.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

containing a photograph of himself, which he had previously promised to send, and as I know his friends would be pleased to see how he looks today it is here reproduced.

In his letter Mr. Logan states that he is not suffering with any disease; that his health has always been fairly good, but that owing to his sensitive nature he is subject to sudden and violent changes of the weather. He was one of the members of the first class which graduated from Gallaudet College; was for five years principal of the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, and for scientific work in different lines has by common consent been accorded the palm among the deaf. He is 70 years old, and we hope he will be able to be present at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Gallaudet College the coming summer.

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When a national convention for the nomination of a president of the United States meets the newspapers have much to say about the proceedings for a few days after its adjournment. After that nothing more is said; it is a thing of the past, and the mission of a real live newspaper is to furnish news of current events. When a national convention of the deaf meets, as it did in Cleveland last August, certain parties keep hammering about it and indulge in fault finding for months. They are still at it. The members of the American Convention of Instructors of the Deaf do not write about their convention matters months after the meeting has adjourned. Say, is it owing to our so-called "deaf-mute mind" that we fail to do like other people in such things?

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The occupation followed by E. C. Weinrich, of Chicago, is one few of the deaf seem fitted to follow. He is a dentist in the employ of the J. L. Dunkley Dental Laboratory Company, and understands all branches of dental work. He took

a course in the American Dental School of Chicago, and has been engaged in his present employment for fifteen years. His work is chiefly confined to the laboratory department, and he receives a high salary.

Mr. Weinrich was educated at the Lutheran School for the Deaf in Detroit, Mich., and speaks both English and German. He is a prominent member of the Lutheran Church of the Deaf, is married, has two children, and owns a home in Arlington Heights, twenty-two miles from Chicago.

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Much has been said in our school papers about the Oklahoma School for the Deaf, where the contractors coolly robbed the state out of some \$150,000 by erecting buildings with material made principally of mush. I give in this issue a picture of the present temporary home of the school, which is presided over by Frank Read, Jr. The building has been used for school purposes since 1908. The enrollment of pupils exceeds 225. The picture was taken on the opening day of school last September and I regret Mr. Read's photograph is not shown. I know his many friends would be delighted to see how he looks with his shining silk hat, which I reckon he purchased soon after he became superintendent.

If there is any one who knows the man it is myself. I have known him since he was a lad. His father was for many years a teacher in the Illinois School and editor of the Advance. Young Read frequently came to the printing office to help his father with the paper, and thus he became known to the pupils. He mixed freely among them and soon became as fluent in the use of the sign-language as if he were deaf himself. Today he is among the most expert interpreters of our language of signs, easily keeping pace with addresses delivered orally. He quickly and unerringly understands any one who addresses him by the silent method.

Mr. Read was educated in the public schools of Jacksonville, Illinois. He is a graduate of Illinois College of the same city. In 1889 he was appointed Supervisor at the Illinois School, a position he faithfully filled for three years. In 1892 he became a teacher in one of the primary grades. He worked his way up until he was made teacher in the Academic department. After an experience of 21 years as teacher in all grades, he was appointed superintendent of the Oklahoma School in the summer of 1913. He received the appoint-

ment on his own merits, and there were ten candidates for the place. Politics had nothing to do with his election.

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Selling useful articles by deaf agents is an occupation to which no valid objection can be raised. The only difference between an agent who sells goods from house to house and a mer-

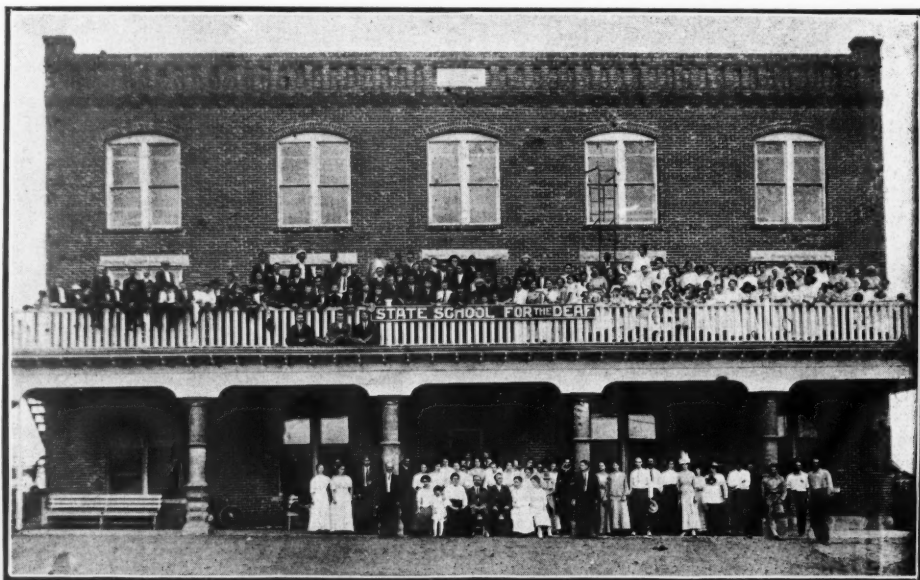


C. E. WEINRICH, Dentist  
Chicago, Ill.

chant is that the former brings the goods to the customer, while the latter waits for the customer to come to his store. There are times when a deaf man is out of work, or is incapacitated from pursuing his regular occupation. Why should he not go about selling useful articles? What we should condemn is the selling of cheap jewelry and stuff that is of little use. Too many of our deaf agents and peddlers sell this kind. It is easy for those who have a good position with a steady income to scoff at the agent; but let them lose their job and see how quickly they are forced to become an agent of one kind or another. I can recall a number.

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There is going to be a "Temple of Childhood" at the San Francisco Exposition in California



OKLAHOMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF





"House Warming" Party at the Parish of All Angels' Mission for the Deaf, Chicago, Feb. 21, 1914  
Photo. by Mr. Witte.

next year. The idea is to show the public, by means of photographs of children of deaf parents, that such children are normal and do not differ a whit from hearing children. They are just as bright and sweet, just as beautiful and intelligent. But why should we be put to the necessity of endeavoring to educate the public to these facts? They take it for granted that children of deaf parents are like ordinary children; it is not often that they entertain a different view. Were you ever asked if children of deaf parents are pug nosed, lop-eared, alligator mouthed, with a wart on their nose? The mere fact that we will have a "Temple of Childhood" will strike the public that we are compelled to be on the defensive and are fighting a popular belief that children of deaf parents are defectives, incapables, and monstrosities. Since this is not true, there is no call for an exhibition of photographs which may cause many an on-looker to remark, "Why, I never thought children of deaf parents were different from those of parents who can hear." I am against a "Temple of Childhood."

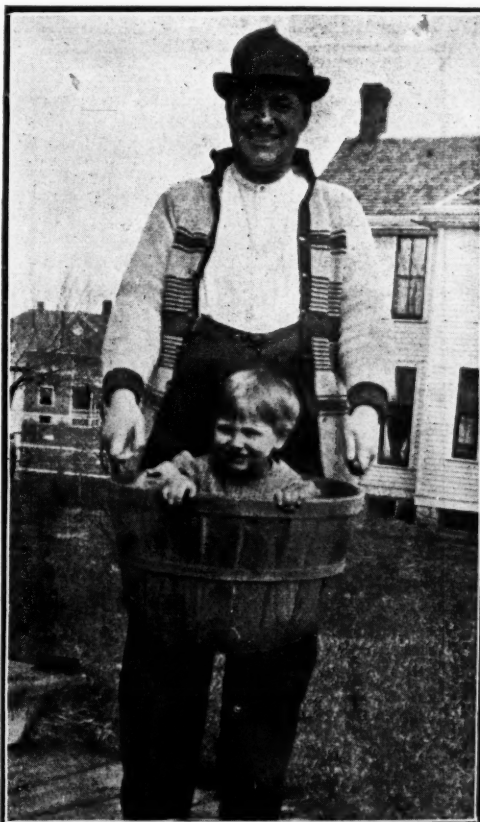
[Note:—The above was written before the March number of the Silent Worker containing Mr. Pach's article on the same subject was received. It will be noticed I am not the only one who is against the display of photographs; probably most of the better educated of the deaf share the same view.]

All things come to him who waits. Rev. George Frederick (the Great) Flick has come to realize this. After several years of patient planning and waiting Providence has smiled on him and he and the members of his church have come into possession of a meeting place of their own. The place is also the headquarters of the Pas-a-Pas Club, which moved there early this month. Thro the generosity of Mrs. William G. Hibbard, the entire second floor of a store building at 3629 Indiana avenue has been leased and fitted up as a parish hall, for the use of All Angeles' Mission for the Deaf.

Mrs. Hibbard's generosity and her interest in this Church Work among the Deaf are no new thing to any who are familiar with the history of the mission. From its beginning she has been one of the warmest and most helpful of its friends, and has given largely for its support. But this latest benefaction is so great and so timely, that it calls for especial record and a general announcement.

As has been said, the entire second floor of the store building has been leased for the term ending April 30, 1916. This commodious loft, 50 by 60 feet, has had several alterations made to adapt it for its new purpose. A corner at the front end has been partitioned off for a reception-room, library and study, or "office." Another partition sets off a sitting room for the ladies. Then there is a cloak-room with space for storage purposes. The kitchen occupies a rear corner;

### Types of Children of Deaf Parents



AN IOWA PRODUCT  
Master Raymond Murdock, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Parents Both Graduates of the Iowa School for the Deaf

it is most completely fitted up with coal and gas ranges, sink, kitchen cabinet, cupboards, a full supply of the necessary utensils, dishes and so on. In the roomy alcove or recess, on one side of the hall, stands the billiard table—already a source of prime enjoyment for the masculine members. At the rear, between the kitchen and the ladies' parlor, a raised platform has been built, which can, if desired, be used as a stage for theatricals and the like. It stands at the end of the main part of the hall—that part of the wide loft which was left down the middle unenclosed; this is the auditorium or general assembly-room.

Not only did Mrs. Hibbard take out the lease of the hall, order the alterations made and give the entire equipment, but she displayed the greatest personal interest in all the preparations, and herself saw to the furnishing. This whole-hearted interest in all the details, with the extraordinary completeness of everything, only add to and intensify the gratitude which is felt by the pastor and people of the Mission congregation.

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The first regular entertainment to take place in the parish hall occurred on the evening of April 13. It was a "Chinese Wedding," in which, according to Chinese Custom, the bride and groom had never seen each other's face till after the ceremony. This caused many to remark that they were satisfied with the American style. The actors were all costumed in the garb of the celestials, including pigtails and small feet. To get the latter the actors must have doubled up their toes and firmly bound them—but this wouldn't have made them appear small, would it? I give up telling how the trick was done. The play was such a great success that Rev. Mr. Flick, who acted the part of a Chinese parson, loth to give up his fine long twisted mustache and so wore it all the evening. Excellent home made chop suey was served, and a tidy sum was realized.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, neglected it.—Haliburton.

### A DEAF-MUTE POSTMISTRESS

Although a deaf-mute, Mrs. Ollie S. Lynn, has been postmistress of the thriving little town of



MRS. OLLIE S. LYNN  
Postmistress of Filbert, S. C.

Filbert, S. C., for the last nine years and in spite of the fact that hearing people at times strived to get the place.

Several times she sent in her resignation, but each time friends petitioned that she be retained and the authorities at Washington urged her to remain. Her bonds for another term of four years were recently made. She has, on several occasions, detected and reported crookedness in the mail and has received recognition for the same.

Her husband is a hearing and speaking man and attends to their farm near the town while she gives her time to the Post Office. They have a fine little son, now in his third year.

Mrs. Lynn is the daughter of deaf parents.

## PUBLIC OPINION

BY J. H. CLOUD



In the April number of Ephpheta the editor, speaking of the proposed memorial statue to De l'Epee asks the question: "The monument—where shall it stand?" and then proceeds to answer it in an able, eloquent and convincing manner.

The site question is opportune as it will be next in order as soon as the committee having

Capital is hardly conspicuous enough for the purposes of the monument, and besides, its beautiful lawns are already enriched by a group of fine statuary which tells the story of the sign-language and its great exponent, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

St. Joseph's, the great Catholic school at Westchester, may be the choice of a considerable number of voters, not only because of the sympathy and lively interest in the project, but also from its situation in what seems to be destined to become a garden within the city and the magnificence and permanence of its buildings. Recently its new department for girls was opened at an expense of more than \$300,000, and probably \$1,000,000 has been expended on its other structures and sweeping grounds. Evidently this institution has come to stay and will continue in its course down the generations of the future.

But why give the monument to any school, the largest of which is small considering that the feature is to be representative of all the deaf of America, when it may be entrusted to the public, securing thereby endless care and permanence and the widest observation?

It will probably be granted, then, that the monument should be erected on a site that is permanent and central, with guardianship beyond question, in the midst of the haunts of the public, in plain view where travelers and the multitude of every class may behold it and read its lesson as they pass. Let other cities present their inducements as they may, but meanwhile the advantages of New York City may be well worthy of study. The State of New York has at present twelve schools for the deaf, and nine of these are situated in the Imperial City. This city is now the gateway of the western continent and is destined, from all signs, to become the metropolis of the nations of the earth; but what is more to the point, it is to-day the center of the most extensive and elaborate enterprises for the deaf in the whole world. If the proposal of giving it to the city be adopted then it would be obligatory to submit the designs primarily to the distinguished Art Commission and under this arrangement the patrons of the work would be assured of a monument of true art worthy of the object and the metropolis. Supposing this view to be acceptable, there is already a site within the city

class Summer resorts and a magnificent countryside in view of Long Island Sound, scenes which naturally attract an immense concourse of sight-seers. Ephpheta ventures to propose this site to those interested, as the most appropriate and suitable in the land.

Let our fair monument rise then, where the earliest light of morning will gild it; where childhood and age, the sailor and the traveler, the proud and the humble, may greet it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

\* \* \*



SENATOR MOSES E. CLAPP  
Who introduced the Labor Bill

general charge of the memorial project completes its organization for the raising of funds for the statue.

As the editorial referred to would suffer by any effort at condensation we reproduce it in full for the benefit of the readers of the Silent Worker:

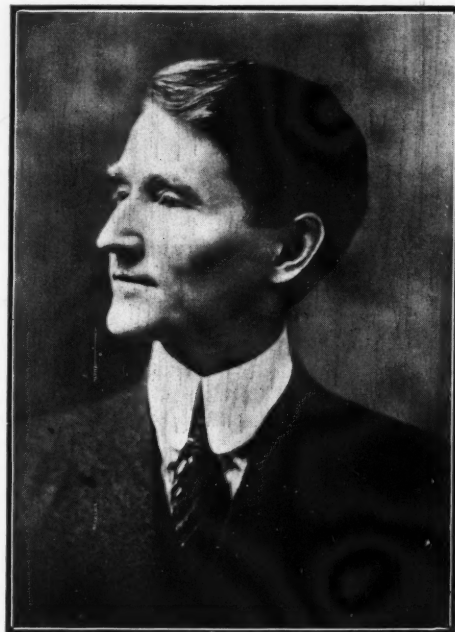
#### THE MONUMENT Where Shall It Stand?

With the progress and growing interest in the plan for a monument to the first and greatest benefactor of the deaf, the Abbe de l'Epee, the question naturally arises for amicable discussion concerning the most appropriate and permanent location.

Hartford has already put forth a claim for its site as the proper one, a claim that deserves consideration from the fact that it was the first school raised in the land, the school which introduced the system of de l'Epee to Americans and for almost a century has made it the instrument for the successful education of the deaf. But it must be admitted that the venerable school has long since outgrown its once generous environments, and plans are afoot for its removal to new housings and wider fields beyond the crowded limits of the city.

Fanwood also has strong claims based on its age, its world-wide fame, its magnificent service with the sign-language for the training of the deaf-mute and deaf-blind. But it so happens that the famous school is situated on one of the most desirable residential localities in the whole city, a property excessively valuable for school purposes, and which could readily be disposed of for a sum that would pay for a collection of new buildings and extensive recreation grounds elsewhere and leave a snug surplus for running expenses. It does not require any special acumen to see that this opportunity will be seized before many years have passed, and the institution removed to more propitious surroundings in the country.

Gallaudet College has been favorably mentioned, but its position on the outer circles of the



CONGRESSMAN JAMES MANAHAN

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

A bill has been introduced in Congress by Senator Clapp, of Minnesota "to create a bureau for the deaf and dumb in the Department of Labor." The bill is modeled somewhat after the deaf labor bureau created by the Minnesota Legislature a year ago.

The Clapp bill provides that the bureau shall be in charge of a competent person who shall have had experience in the education of the deaf, or who shall have acquired knowledge of the deaf through association with them and who know their requirements. It shall be the duty of the chief of the bureau to study the industrial, social and educational condition of the deaf throughout the United States, to keep a census of such persons, gather statistics, facts and information that may be useful and helpful to promote their interests and to lessen the hardships incident to their misfortune. The bill further provides that the chief of the bureau shall make a thorough and painstaking study of the trades and industries, and occupations that are most suitable for the deaf to engage in, and shall use his best efforts to promote their advancement in such occupations, and protect them in their rights to employment when unjustly discriminated against on account of deafness.

The bill has other excellent provisions and is eminently fair, comprehensive and most commendable,—deserving of the united and enthusiastic support of all the deaf and their friends.

Congressman Manahan has introduced the same bill in the House of Representatives. Senator Clapp and Representative Manahan are true friends of the deaf and their interest is appreciated.

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The De l'Epee memorial statue project is likely



Decorating the Statue of Abbe de l'Epee  
at Versailles

limits which seems to satisfy every requirement. At Westchester, at the very gate of the school already described, three important highways converge, forming a wide, open angle, which is visible from long approaches, namely, Ferry Street, 177th Street and the Eastern Boulevard. These highways take their course through parks: high-



to create an increased demand for reliable literature bearing on the universal benefactor of the deaf. This demand may be met in good measure by a recently issued seventy-two-page booklet entitled "The Abbe De l'Epee and other Early Teachers of the Deaf," compiled and published by Mr. E. H. Holycross, Columbus, Ohio, with an introduction by Mr. R. P. MacGregor. As stated by the compiler the "work is not intended to be a full history of the education of the deaf, but it gives the leading facts and illustrations from The Annals of the Deaf and other sources."

The following passage from Mr. MacGregor's introduction is quite characteristic of both the man and of the times: "The deaf of England have their Braidwoods, the deaf of Germany their Heinicks, the deaf of Italy, Austria and other countries have had their pioneers and workers in the cause of education, but they were all oralists and we do not find the deaf of these countries falling over themselves to do homage or show their gratitude to them. Instead we find them, having no patron saint of their own flocking to Paris to worship at the shrine of the Abbe de l'Epee as their universal Savior, and in our own country the Gallaudets hold the first place in our affections with the good Abbe a close second."

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There are many different impressions of the manual alphabet, but we have seen nothing in that line that could compare with the manual alphabet souvenir post-card recently copyrighted and put on the market by Mr. Anton Schroeder of St. Paul, Treasurer of the De l'Epee memorial statue fund. The manual letters are of the proper size, clear in outline, neatly engraved, artistically arranged around the border of the card and the whole attractively printed in tasteful colors. In the center of the card appears the following wording:

"Yes, I am the American Finger Alphabet. By studying me earnestly for an hour you will find me very handy and useful. Easy, rapid and graceful! Many occasions when you can use me with profit to yourself and pleasure to others. Essential when silence is desired. Like writing in the air. Helpful to every one. I am the means by which Miss Helen Keller was enabled to acquire her education. I am also indispensable to all the deaf. Learn me and then circulate me."

The cards retail at a low cost, and Mr. Schroeder donates a percentage of the proceeds to the De l'Epee statue fund. The cards deserve the widest possible circulation on their own merits. It is hoped that they soon will be found on sale wherever other souvenir post-cards are to be had.

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An effective and rather too common means of cheapening the deaf in the estimation of their friends and well wishers is for some one of them, possessed of more vanity than common sense, to spread his thoughts over newspaper space, imitating the defective English often associated with deafness and hiding his identity behind a pseudonym. Comparatively few persons are sufficiently familiar with the affairs of the deaf to be able to readily discountenance such serio-comic attempts at the ludicrous. When personalities are indulged in, as frequently is the case, the offense is all the more aggravated.

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The *New England Spokesman* is the latest addition to the l. p. f.—the little brother of the little brotherhood. It speaks out in behalf of a truly worthy cause—the New England Home for Deaf-Mutes at Everett, Mass.

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After noting the three-cent car fares, three-cent lunches and free-shine-with-a-hair-cut while attending the Cleveland convention of the N. A. D. our wonder at the growth of the Rockefeller fortune abated somewhat.

The Old World Letter arrived too late for this issue. It will appear in our next—[PUB. WORKER.



EUNICE H. BRADBURY LYDIA P. KOEBEL  
Gallaudet School Pupils. Members of the Class Confirmed on Palm Sunday at St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf, St. Louis.

#### THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

DEAR MR. EDITOR of the SILENT WORKER:—You have already published a letter from me inviting members in the States and Canada to join a new Correspondence Club hailing from Australasia and hope you will insert this one too enlarging on the same subject.

I want for members, smart Americans who can handle pens and brains to advantage, witty and imaginative Celts from Ireland and Wales, droll Scots from Auld Reekie and versatile French men and women to help me put a brilliant and beautiful girdle of Deaf literature round the earth in,—well it cannot be done in forty minutes like Puck's—but it can be done in six months and each trip round would see the girdle more and more enriched with gems of thought and jewels of verse until the world shall open its eyes and realize that these quiet deaf people really do possess brains and gifts of no common order. I am not going to give any names, but there appear in your columns names enough of clever deaf Americans to stock my club twice over.

The SILENT WORKER of a month or so back will have given details, so I think I need not repeat myself, and if any reader has missed or not understood he or she can write to me, and ask—but it is a far cry to Queensland just for an answer to a question, and I would advise joining first and finding out afterwards. No expense is entailed on any member except that of postage to the next member on the list. This sounds as if I were "selling a pig in a poke," but I can assure you it is a very fine pig indeed, if you will take my word for it till you see.

I also want a name for the club. I will present a leather medal to any deaf person of any country who suggests the most suitable name, said leather medal taking shape as a purse or wallet of real kangaroo skin from Australia. To find a suitable name is not so easy as it looks. I've tried it and I know; "International" is not representative enough since a majority of the members will probably be of British stock and of one tongue.

Mrs. J. E. Muir, of Melbourne, got the only suitable word when she picked "Cosmopolitan," and I think we will have to be content with second best if we cannot coin a better.

I will write again next month and try to make

the requirements of the club clearer, if possible, than I have already done, but your readers can understand English and have got brains, nuff sed.

Hoping for great results and thanking you in anticipation, dear Mr. Editor,

Very truly yours,

M. OVEREND WILSON,  
578 Leichhardt Street  
BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALASIA.

#### WHO ARE THE DEAF?

Who are the deaf ones of the earth?  
Why, those who close their ears  
To the heart cry of affection, to the soul-sob wrung  
from tears,  
To the anguish of the fallen, to the captive's silent  
groan,  
Whose ears are closed to pity, for their hearts are  
turned to stone.

Who are the dumb ones of the earth?  
Why, those whose mouths are still  
When the fiat of the tyrant works out its wicked will  
When the oaths of the blasphemer brutal burdens  
bear.

Or the foul jests of the fool poison all the air.

They are not deaf where God hath closed that avenue  
of sense,  
For they have heaven's gates thrown open and the  
sounds that issue thence;  
They hear the angels' hymns and the Savior's  
pardoning voice,  
And their listening hearts are awakened as their  
rescued souls rejoice.

They are not dumb where God hath closed the outer  
gate of prayer;  
The clasped hands have a mute appeal no uttered  
words could wear;  
In tender thought and gentle act their gratitude we  
read,  
For faith is our best worship and work our noblest  
creed.

—By Frank Curzon, a deaf man.

Mr. Alexander L. Pach, one of the staff writers of SILENT WORKER, has the sympathy of many friends on the loss of his father on the 29th of last March. Morris Pach was a resident of Red Bank, N. J., for many years and was well known throughout the State. The funeral sermon by Rev. Dr. Henry Neumann, contained a touching tribute by the deaf son.

# Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS to  
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

VOL. XXVI. MAY, 1914 No. 8

The Committee of the State Board of Education in charge of our school would beg to acknowledge, with sincerest thanks, the recent data furnished us by the Superintendents of the various state schools of our country, in regard to *per capita*.

## WELL DONE

The necrology of the past month contains no more honored name than that of Weston Jenkins, who, on Easter Day was called to the great beyond. A medal man at Williams College, one of the famous corps of instructors at Dr. Currier's school when it contained such names as Clarke and Wilkinson, for sixteen years the principal of our own school, and for a decade the chief of staff of the Alabama Institution, he lived a worthy and a blameless life, and one fraught with the greatest possible good to the many deaf children with whom he came in contact. If he had any fault it was an extreme gentleness and goodness that sometimes inured to his disadvantage in the affairs of life. But this was an added virtue in the eyes of the Great All-Seeing, and the divine plaudit "Well done" was never more deserved than by our dear, dead friend.

## A QUESTION OF LATITUDE

The question as to whether pupils in residential schools for the deaf should ever be allowed to leave the school-grounds without a care-taker has arisen in a number of localities, and is being variously discussed. At the Michigan School a rigid rule has been made that no pupil be allowed to leave the enclosure unless accompanied by teachers or other member of the staff. The only exception to this rule is in case of children whose parents have filed a written request that their children be given the privilege. It would seem like rather a rigorous rule and yet probably the only safe one. The school is held responsible for the welfare of

the children attending it, and the slightest mis-hap to a child is often the occasion of the severest censure on the part of parents. Michigan's rule, with regard to the little girls, is a most wise one. In regard to the boys the case is somewhat different. There is a vast deal that is educational to be seen around our city, and the boys are allowed, during recreation periods, reasonable latitude in the matter of going and coming. In all the years this freedom has been given, there have been no untoward results, and we see no reason to discontinue it. Should the privilege ever be abused, it will only remain to us to draw the lines as our sister state has.

## THE LETTER DEPARTMENT

We notice that the Texas School has established, in its little paper, a correspondence column, in which it gives to its readers the various letters which the school receives from parents, old pupils, and others. The column is always an entertaining one and the innovation one that might well be adopted by all of us. Scarce a day passes, but that principals receive communications that are of value and interest that would be enjoyed by the readers of the school journal.

Within the last week there have come to our desk two notes that were especially pleasing to us, and we are taking the liberty of sharing them with our boys and girls and their papas and mammas.

CAMDEN, N. J., April 12, 1914.

DEAR MR. WALKER:—I very much regret that I did not have the opportunity to say goodbye to you, as I left the School today. I do, however, wish to thank you for your hospitality.

I also wish to say that my visit was the most pleasant I have ever made to any school.

To see so large a number of children so happy is all the evidence that is required to assure any parent of the care bestowed on the child or children. Trusting that it is the will of Him who holds our lives within His grasp, to grant you many more years to your noble work,

I am sincerely yours,  
W. H. LONG.

NEWARK, N. J., April 18, 1914.

JOHN P. WALKER, M.A., Supt.,

New Jersey School for the Deaf,

Dear Sir:—The confidence that I have had in you and the staff of instructors since my brother-in-law Oreste Palmieri's entrance into the New Jersey School for the Deaf, continues to increase with each year.

While Oreste is with you I am wholly free from worry on his account for I know that he is kindly, patiently and conscientiously cared for and instructed in your well governed school. I wish to extend my gratitude to you, Mr. Walker, and the staff of instructors of the school.

I enjoy reading the Silent Worker and I firmly believe it to be the best monthly publication of any school in the country, whether for deaf or not, barring none. It speaks for itself. May every blessing attend your school.

With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Very truly yours,  
ANGELO MATTIA.

Such letters are encouraging to the children,

encouraging to their parents and encouraging to everybody engaged in the work of the uplift of the little ones, and if parents and friends only knew what a help they were, they would write more of them; and papers would do well to place them, together with their general news letters, before their readers.

## THE SAME OLD STORY

Frequent investigations of everything and everybody appear to have become a part of the curriculum in some of our American schools for the deaf, and the strange thing about it is that the ones who appear to require it least are getting the most of it. Take the Mississippi School for instance. Among those best acquainted with the workings of the various state schools in our country, Dr. Dobyns is known as one of the most capable, pains-taking, hard-working and successful men in the profession; and yet he has just been investigated. The result has been the usual one in such a case, the complete vindication of the Doctor, but it is a pity that the usefulness of such a school should be interrupted and its good name tarnished at the behest of a sore-head or two who did not get all they wanted of it. It will be a good thing for Mississippi, when it gets on its statute-books a law making it a statutory offense to wantonly attack a state institution.

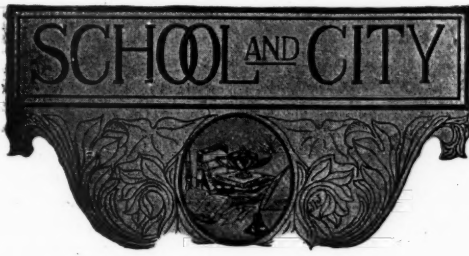
## NOT IN THE CURRICULUM

The superintendent's birth-day witnessed the usual scene of insubordination on the part of teachers, children and household, that appears to be alway inevitable on that occasion. He has especially requested, every year for fifteen years that no one extend, at that time, any gift but kindly sentiments and good wishes. The request has each year been denied, and the present was no exception. There was a grand scramble for the chapel at 3:30. The Superintendent, attracted by the commotion and the unusualness of the hour, went to investigate, was dragged upon the stage and made the recipient of a handsome house-coat, a beautifully embroidered vest, a pair of silver spoons, and a handsome pen-knife. He entered his usual protest but everybody saw that he was just as much pleased as his audience, and when the meeting adjourned all hands felt that the tie that bound was a little closer, and life a little more worth living.

## A GEM

Recent commendation in many of the school papers, of the Rain-drop, a compilation of stories published at the Western Pennsylvania School under the direction of Mr. Logan, who was the Superintendent some thirty years ago, is most richly deserved. It stands alone as a book for deaf children. We have at present, in our library, twelve volumes and every one is now out. Could there be any testimony more strong as to the interest it possesses for our little folks?





Showers and showers.

Hyacinths and tulips galore.

Vacation but seven weeks away.

From barrenness to luxurious beauty.

Miss Cory's pictures of her class were fine.

What a change April has wrought in our grounds.

Louis Otten is drawing the plans for a bungalow.

The library in the Boys' Hall is growing rapidly.

Two pairs of robins are nesting on our grounds already.

Our trees within a week, have become a symphony in green.

Joseph Whelan has been given a position in the baking department.

There are few tailors who can put on a patch better than Oreste Palmieri.

The carpenters are finishing a number of handsome pieces for closing day.

The record of the New York Giants, thus far, does not please George Brede at all.

Josephine Kulikowski is never more happy than when having her picture taken.

There are few boys anywhere, who have more to interest and amuse them than ours.

Mr. Johnson's rendition of the story of Jean Valjean proved most interesting to all who saw it.

The road-work done by our boys, together with their ball practice is putting them into fine shape.

Our boys are greatly interested in the war with Mexico and eagerly devour every word relating to it.

Randall McClellan is Captain of the Silent Worker Jrs. and Louis Baussman is captain of the Midgets.

The little party that took the hike to Highstown, were pretty well tired out when they arrived home.

There were an unusually good lot of journals turned in last week. George Brede's rather took the palm.

Harry Dixon, Hans Hansen, Joseph Higgins and Frank Hoppaugh make a strong half-tone quartette.

The children and Teachers' Association broke all records in remembering Mr. Walker's birthday this year.

Mr. Long, Mr. Savercool and Mr. and Mrs. MacNee have been among our visitors during the past week.

A branch from an alspice bush with a cluster of alspice berries on it, was one of our curiosities of the past week.

The Woodward maple has grown a full foot in the past year, and is already one of our handsomest trees.

Our nine acres seem to afford every thing but a farm, and farming does not pay the deaf in New Jersey.

Somebody told Louisa Beck that base ball was not a refined game for girls, and she, at once, sent in her resignation as a member of the team.

A dozen beautiful lilies and a couple of full blown azaleas added greatly to the appearance of our corridors last week.

A number of us had birthdays in April, among others Mr. Sharp, who was the recipient of quite a lot of pretty little gifts.

Miss Vail attended the meeting of the Indiana Society in New York on Monday, Mr. Walker taking her class in her absence.

Five of the big girls have been going to bed with the chickens during the past week. Not that they wanted to. Oh mercy! no.

Annie Savko ran into Isabel Long on Wednesday and it was two or three days before Isabel's nose resumed its pristine beauty.

The children's deposits in the office are larger than usual and when Saturday comes nearly every one has a little spending money.

You should see Lorraine Pease's new suit. It is "up to the minute," and when he gets it on, young Vanderbilt "has nothing on him."

Mr. Sharp gave his class the names of all the trees on our grounds, last Friday. They made a pretty hard lesson; there are so many varieties.

John Dugan is a firm believer in prayer, and is certain that his mother who is in a New York hospital, and for whom he daily prays, will get well.

Charles Dobbins says he don't think we shall have much war because it is "so horrid." We have to have lots of "horrid" things in this life, Charles.

Our 1914 booklet is out, and considering that it is the work of amateurs, does very well. See if you don't think so yourself when you get a look at it.

We are all rejoiced to know that the sore eye which Mabel Murphy had and which pained her so much for a few days, has gotten almost entirely well.

The Muffin Club with whom we played Saturday afternoon lived up to their name. They were muffin, all the time and we beat them by the score of 42 to 5.

Every little bit of news from Marion Baussman's new home in Camden is devoured with avidity by her and she can hardly wait for the middle of June to come.

We have three base-ball teams going at present, and the diamond is occupied during all "off" hours. It is a pretty long run for the Midgets from home-plate to "first."

Another large class from the Teachers' Training School spent a half day with us last week, much to our pleasure, and everything seemed full of interest to them.

Wm. Felts was gladdened by a call from his mother and little sister, a few days ago. They attended the State Street Theatre and had a most pleasant afternoon together.

Would you believe it, quite a few of the girls are greatly interested in playing cow-boy, and the game can scarcely get too rough for them. Funny notion for girls, isn't it?

To be sure Arthur Long has only crawled up to 1500 ems, but he is adding to this every day and it won't be long before he will be holding his own with any of them.

The lawns that have taken the place of the dusty road around the new building will make quite a difference to the temperature and general comfort of the boys' reading room.

Mr. Sharp has purchased a new bicycle to take the place of the one that was stolen, and it is so much handsomer than the old one that he is almost glad that the theft occurred.

Teatsche Elizangar, who moved from New Jersey to Colorado some time ago, has moved again, this time from Colorado to Western Penna. She will probably attend Dr. Burt's school now.

We've a fine box awaiting our golden-wings, right in the spot where they had their old nest which the gardener inadvertently cut away; but we fear it will not take the place of the old home.

Saturday night was "War Night" at our moving picture lecture a number of battle scenes supplementing "The Holy Lake of Siberia," "Fish Culture," "A Journey in Switzerland," and our "Pathe Weekly."

A number of hoodlums got into our hyacinth beds the other night and the plants were only saved from immolation by the prompt action of Peggy Renton who uttered a war-whoop that sent them all scampering.

We will not mention any names, but six of our little girls were quite disobedient last week and had to pay the penalty by going to bed every night for a week at seven o'clock. All took their medicine in the right spirit and we feel sure they will not make the mistake again.

The Chairman of the Committee on our school, Mr. John P. Murray has extended an invitation to all the pupils to attend the circus which comes this month. There is no R. S. V. P. attached, as such a thing as a declination under the circumstances, has, hitherto, been unknown.

If a big apple had been offered to the one pointing out the first butterfly, Esther Woelper would have gotten the prize. She saw four all at once in the tulip bed yesterday. Esther can always find something pleasant to occupy her time. She says in her last journal: "I am never unhappy or sad," and we think it is true.

Our old friends all seemed to remember us at Easter, those who did not come themselves sending boxes to the little ones. Among those who dined with us were:

Anna Klepper's parents and her little brother; Perla Harris' mother; Marion Bausman's mother; Helen Lesh's two sisters; Hildur Colberg's brother; Lillian Leaming's mother; Annie Uhouse's parents; Thersa Papper's parents; Anna Hicks' father; Viola Savercool's father; Viola Ringled's mother and two brothers and her friend; Clematine Teuber's mother brother; Annie Stiener's father and brother; Mary Kane's father and her little brother; Ella Winrow's mother; Isabella Long's father; Peggie Renton's mother and her grandma; Esther Woelper's mother; Soretta Quilian's father and sister; Margaret Kluin's mother and three sisters and her baby; May Lotz's father and sister; Alice Battersby's father and brother; Josephine Kulikowski's brother; Auastasia Schultz's father; Clara Wallace's mother and her brother; Katie Brignatie's mother and sister; Irene Humprie's mother and brother and sister.



By A. L. Pach, 570 Fifth Avenue, New York



HE gentleman who has been making things interesting under the assumed name of Masiniello, complains in a recent issue of the *Journal* that something he wrote about Cuttlefish, which was intended, he says, to give me a bad quarter of an hour, was not published. Perhaps the fact that that something he wrote was so malicious; so wanton; so untrue, the publishing department saw no good purpose could be served by its publication.

It doesn't take any courage at all to rip up some one who does not agree with you, under a false name. It is like shooting from ambush, and a very cowardly proceeding. It isn't civilized warfare, and one who resorts to such procedure has something very dark, very dirty, or very shady to conceal in his past.

Who the writer is, is still a matter of conjecture, but he certainly isn't any one with Italian blood in his veins, though he has stated, on more than one occasion that he was a "dago." Dago is gutter language, used largely by gunmen, crooks, and toughs, though here and there you will find people using the term who ought to know better. If his parentage really was that of Italy's fair land, he would not besmirch himself and his fellows by using such a vulgarism as Dago.

In the same article in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, he makes a very heartless attack on an inoffensive deaf and blind girl—and that is as low down a thing as any one can do. His tirade against Helen Keller is the personification of brutality, and it is made all the worse by his suggestion that the National Association of the Deaf hire her and her associates for the advertising that will accrue, for the Pacific convention.

Now if there are questionable proceedings in the Helen Keller lectures, etc., the fault is surely not with Miss Keller. And whether it is or not, I think any man who publicly attacks, and derides a woman, and particularly a woman who is both deaf and blind, is as small and as contemptible a scoundrel as one may find, and I am not surprised that he hides under a nom de plume; lies as to his vocation and residence, and generally imitates the cuttlefish which, strange to say he was trying to make it appear I was doing, when, as I understand it, I did not agree with some statement he made.

This writer has bragged that he was a member of the National Fraternal Association of the Deaf, but I do not believe that. Our members are taught in their obligation vow to do anything in the world, but such an offensive thing as attacking a deaf and blind—woman. The vow compels them to defend all women whenever opportunity permits, and attacking a poor doubly afflicted girl is the last thing you may look for a real "Frat" to do.

I haven't any doubt that the unwise exploitation of Miss Keller has often grieved her best friends. I know that on a recent visit here in New York, an old friend sent her a letter addressed to her at the theatre she spoke in, and instead of being allowed to speak to her, he got a printed notice saying that Miss Keller had more communications than she could answer. He tried again, on her next visit, and got no reply at all. Again Miss Keller has been Press Agented the

limit, and sometimes in such a manner as to cause her friends to wonder to what lengths they would go next, apparently, to make capital out of her marvelous attainments, but the young woman herself cannot be blamed for any of this.

Now here comes our old friend, Reverend Mr. Wyand, and he wants a National Association of the Deaf newspaper. Perhaps Mr. Wyand was not present when the matter came up in conference at Cleveland last summer, and the leaders seemed in entire accord in concluding that the National Association already has an organ, always has had one, and always will have one in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*. The Association has never been put to a penny of expense for the thousands of columns of matter the *Journal* has given publicity to in behalf of the National Association of the Deaf.

The publication issued by the National Fraternal Association, is a bulletin of interest to every member, and it takes the place of a letter from Headquarters. But the Fraternals are bound together in a much stronger way than the National Association, whose membership is rather transient than permanent, though from now on, it will have a much larger permanent membership list than it ever had before.

Mr. Wyand has a tremendously big proposition to handle in the scheme he outlines, but he does not show how the Association will gain any better medium of publicity than it has now.

I have been columning over a quarter of a century now, and there have been, here and there, little bits of pleasure derived from having unwittingly served a good turn to some other deaf person. It makes one feel that one's efforts have not been in vain, when such letters as Miss Taylor's appear telling how her hearing was helped through something she read in this column.

It is over six weeks now since this department asked for suggestions for the paper to be presented at Staunton with reference to the matter of helpful suggestions for better Industrial department, and since not a line has come in from any source whatever, I judge the aforesaid I.D.'s are all right. However, there is still plenty of time.

Weston Jenkins dead?

With what an aching, throbbing pain thousands of his old pupils will read these words. Though it is over thirty years ago I sat at a desk in his school-room, I did not consider him by any means an old man, despite the gray hairs and the gray beard.

There never was a more lovable man, nor a more modest one. I know, for since the days I studied under him I have seen him often and have been a guest at "Cherry Knoll," the Jenkins' country seat at Englishtown, New Jersey, and have gone down to a 7 A.M. breakfast to find that my host had been up since daylight working on his little farm, and almost everything, from the breakfast berries to the noon-time vegetables and the evening fruits, had been garnered by our host hours before his guests were awake. Every summer, on arriving North, Prof. Jenkins made it an invariable practice to call on me soon after his ship reached New York, and always on the day he sailed for his post in the South he came to say good bye.

As all know, Prof. Jenkins was first of all a scholar. At Williams College he was an honor man, yet few ever heard him mention college.

While yet a boy he fought in the Civil War, leading a company of colored infantrymen, yet because he saw so little of actual fighting he never even joined the Grand Army of the Republic.

His memory was a store-house of all the treasures of the Arts and the Sciences, and as a teacher I do not think he was excelled by any educator that ever lived. In my school days he had

the High Class, varied in degrees of intelligence, so in order that every student under him would understand all that he told them, he would write for two or three hours at a stretch, never tiring, never halting in his wonderful energy and endless capacity in teaching the youth under him. I always thought, despite his enthusiasm when visitors came to our class room, that way down deep he disliked visitors, for they took valuable time—time that he thought his pupils owned.

Often I wondered what so self-denying an educator did for recreation when four o'clock came and the long school day had ended. On two or three occasions I found out, when I passed him near his home pushing a perambulator with one hand and holding a book in the other hand, and, on seeing me sat down on a nearby piazza—not his by the way, just the handiest at the moment, and he pointed out something that he was interested in and would give his class the benefit of on the morrow.

The deaf of three states, in particular, will sorrow genuinely for him—New York, where for years he labored successfully. In New Jersey where he launched the first State School for the Deaf, and remained its head for sixteen years, and lastly in Alabama where he ended his career of over forty-five years' effort in instilling knowledge in the minds of deaf men and women.

Loved and honored living, there will be many tears and heartfelt sorrow now that he is gone from us.

As husband and father; as teacher and Principal; as soldier and writer, and best of all, as grand a friend as any man could have, Weston Jenkins looms up a big and a great man, and few achieve the distinction, that was and is his with practically no single fault or short-coming to regret, and I know of no mightier tribute than this.

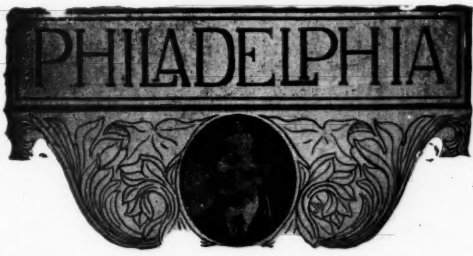
#### DEAF AND DUMB INDIAN IS A FINE SCULPTOR OF BEARS

Out in the Glazier National Park reservation, in Montana, there is a half Scotch and half English Blackfoot Indian, who though deaf and dumb, is a marvel in turning wood into realistic images of bears. The photograph shows this Indian, John Clark, finishing the carving of a bear, and judging from the picture, no carver's work could be better done. Though he is deaf and dumb, he is able to read and write, having been taught this method of communicating in the English language at the Fort Shaw school. He is likewise an adept in the universal Indian, sign-language, and can carry on a conversation with the member of any tribe of American Indians. Besides being an expert wood-carver, Clark is a born artist in clay, a sketch artist of landscape scenery and is now dabbling with oils and brushes, having produced on canvas creditable landscapes.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

In minor strain, deaf linotypists are not yet so common, but that mention of them may be of interest. William D. Stocker and Frank Messick, recent graduates of the New Jersey School, are reported as having positions on the *Paterson Daily Press*, and an American boy named Campbell operates a machine at the Fiji Islands the only one there, it may be said. C. Wesley Breese, of Middletown, New York, is a successful photo-engraver. William E. Shaw, late of Boston, is employed as electrician in the Edison laboratories at West Orange, New Jersey. In a New York department store there is a deaf salesman employed especially to serve deaf customers. C. J. Poole, late of England, is an expert wood-carver and executed the bishop's chairs in both St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, New York and All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Madame Rumor has it that in those early days Mr. Rockefeller was saved from drowning in a tank of oil, by a deaf-mute. I understand that some one has been inquiring into the story, and if it is true, we shall know the facts. Perhaps for this reason Mr. Rockefeller showed so much interest in the deaf during the N. A. D. convention.—*Rev. B. R. Allabough, in the Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.





By Jas. S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St., Phila., Pa.



HE Clerc Literary Association, named after Laurent Clerc, the first deaf teacher in America, will round a half century in, September, 1915. It is probably the oldest association of the deaf, with a record of continuous existence, in this country. It is a local organization, and, though under the protecting wings of All Souls' Mission, it is in all other respects non-sectarian in character. It has had a varied career, and, as the weekly rendezvous of the deaf of Philadelphia, it has been a source of great help and enjoyment to them. It has beaten its path of life through many storms, and, where other organizations fell never to rise again, it has always been able to retain its footing. "The survival of the fittest!" The good, old, association has nothing to be ashamed of, but much to be proud of. If we could name all the prominent educators of the deaf and deaf persons who have spoken from its platform in its time, it would make a dazzling array. If we could enumerate all the services it has rendered to the deaf of this city, it would show an enviable record. Then why not make the Golden Anniversary of the Association the occasion for a fitting commemoration. There is ample time to arrange such an event; but, as big celebrations are usually planned long ahead of the event, it is not too early now to begin the consideration of plans. Whatever plans may be considered, we think the Association's namesake should come in for a good share of recognition in this event.

On Thursday, March 26th, the annual elections of the Clerc Literary Association were held and resulted as follows: Trustee, William McKinney; President, Harry E. Stevens; First Vice President, Thomas E. Jones; Second Vice-President, Mrs. C. O. Dantzer; Secretary, Thomas Breen; Treasurer, Harry G. Gunkel; Librarian, Miss Gertrude Parker; Sergeant-at-Arms, Charles H. Sharrar. These newly elected officers were installed into office at the same meeting. A social time followed the meeting.

A stated meeting of the Gallaudet Club was held at the apartments of Mr. Howard E. Arnold, 1906 North Thirteenth Street, on Saturday evening, 28th of March. President William L. Davis occupied the Chair. After transacting some business, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, William H. Lipsett; Vice-President, Thomas Breen; Secretary-Treasurer, Harry E. Stevens. Mr. Davis could have succeeded himself as President, but he declined to serve. After the meeting, Mr. Arnold and his sister, Miss Edna Arnold, entertained the members at an elaborate luncheon, thus springing a surprise on them. The senior Mr. Arnold and his father, who is ninety years old, met the members and helped to make it pleasant for them. All in all, it was a very enjoyable meet and one that will be remembered for years to come.

Mr. William McKinney is now "the father of the Clerc Literary Association," having succeeded to the title after the death of Mr. Michael Higgins. He joined the Association forty-seven years ago, and has stuck to it in all its ups and downs since then. He is one of the faithfulest of the

faithful. For the past nine years he has served the Association as Trustee, declining other offers which might tax his eyes too severely; and in any event, he is the logical man for the place he now holds and deserves the honor it implies.

In appearance Mr. McKinney looks like a man between forty-five and fifty years of age because of the absence of silvered hair on his head. It is very hard to guess near his age and Mr. McKinney is plainly amused when, after giving his correct age as sixty-four, people invariably doubt him. Mr. McKinney is a widower; in his younger days he was a heeler and shaver, operating a machine, and commanded good wages. Then a fire destroyed the large factory in which he had worked so long, a change came on and finally the closing of the shoe factory. Mr. McKinney then learned book-binding and still continues at it, being employed by one of the largest houses in this city. His thrifty habits would allow him to retire now and spend his remaining days in ways of his own choosing, but his employers value his services so much that he will stay at the factory while his health continues good. Mr.



MR. WILLIAM McKINNEY

McKinney was one of the late Mr. Syle's best supporters, has served All Souls' Church both as Treasurer and Warden, and he still is a warm friend and supporter of the Church, as well as the Pennsylvania Society and its Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown.

The first Easter at the new All Souls' Church for the Deaf was marked by beautiful little incidents in connection with the service held at three o'clock in the afternoon. The bright, crisp, fair weather made it a day of days, not alone for the well and strong, but also for the sick and decrepit, some of whom we had not seen for months and even years. The location of the church and its easy access from all parts of the city and surrounding places was another pleasing factor in bringing out the people, especially those who live farthest from the Church. A good many deaf from out of town and within a radius of fifty miles or more also made All Souls' their Mecca on this good day. The attendance (counted, not guessed) was slightly over two hundred, and, when it is considered that the Catholic and Hebrew deaf in the city also had their services at the same time, the number was by no means small. In fact, the number looked much larger than the above figures.

As is usual on this joyous Feast Day, the chancel of the church was generously decorated with flowers, plants and palms, the Easter lily of course predominating. The whole effect, to say the least, was beautiful and inspiring to behold; and the service, too, was more than a mere liturgical conformity—a Spiritual Feast for every one of the large congregation.

In the early part of the service Pastor Dantzer dedicated the following memorial gifts to the Church: Two large beautiful brass candlesticks in memory of Henry Jansen Haight, the gift of his beloved widow, Mrs. M. L. Haight; two brass flower vases in memory of Henry Winter Syle, given by Mrs. Clara E. Meyer and Mrs. M. J. Syle jointly; a chaste and richly embroidered Altar super-frontal and pulpit hanging, presented by Miss Dora Kintzel, who furnished the materials, with the help of the Girls' Friendly Society of the South Memorial Church of the Advocate, 17th and Diamond Sts., who, with their Pastor, the Rev. Henry M. Medary, designed and executed the beautifully embroidered articles, which are valued at about \$150. After the dedication of the above articles, a new stained glass window on the north side of the Church, the second one from the chancel, was also formally dedicated. When the large white cloth that concealed the window was pulled down, a superb window was on view. One panel in the centre represents Ruth and Naomi, the other Orpah and on either side of these two is a panel of small ecclesiastical figures in subdued tints, which, with similar effects at the top and bottom of the window, serve as a beautiful border to the main panels, bringing out with admirable clearness the chief scheme and its rich color effect. In the lower part of the panels is the following inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
THOMAS HAMMOND COULTER  
AND ANN PRICE COULTER  
EASTER 1914

It is divided into four parts, as shown above. This window is the joint gift of Mrs. Mary Murray and Mrs. Anne Coulter Salmon, the daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Coulter, two of the most respected and widely known deaf of Pennsylvania in their time. Mr. Coulter was an artist and engraver of high repute, and Mrs. Coulter was for many years a teacher in the Old Broad and Pine Streets School. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Salmon, the two surviving daughters, the former living in California, and the latter in this city, are known to many deaf of the old school and both are adepts in the use of the sign-language.

This window was made in Bavaria, Germany, and cost, put up complete, a little over seven hundred dollars (\$700.) It is certainly a beautiful specimen of the stained glass art, and is much admired.

The dedication of the window was followed by the Communion service. The choir, composed of Misses Gertrude Parker, Jeanette King, Elizabeth Menz, Kate Moyer, Mrs. Viola King and Mrs. J. S. Rodgers, rendered an appropriate hymn from memory with the usual grace, and Pastor Dantzer preached an edifying sermon on the meaning of the Resurrection. After the offertory, the Communion was proceeded with until the finish. Considerably over a hundred received the Sacrament.

Owing to the large crowd, we failed to obtain the names of the visitors who came from a distance; but those we obtained were A. B. Smith, New York; Harry Heiser, Samuel Frickert, Mrs. Geo. A. Wuchter, all of Allentown; Miss Elizabeth Loughridge, Catasauqua; Miss Stansbury, Washington, D. C.; Miss Eva Cox, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heller and Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Heller, Lambertville, N. J.; Adolph Krockenberger, Paulsboro, N. J.; Harry Staley, Gloucester, N. J.; Miss Florence Williams, Norristown; Emma Stuckert, Doylestown; Marion G. Giffin, Sellersville; several deaf from Camden, N. J.; and quite a number from the suburbs and near-by places.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY MRS. ALICE TERRY



N talking in the sign-language, shall we follow the English order more? This question was recently asked by a writer in the SILENT WORKER. By doing so we may to a degree sacrifice beauty of gesture, emphasis, and often the ease with which we turn from one sign to another. Now and then we encounter certain bright deaf-mutes with whom we carry on a pleasant and profitable conversation in signs. A little later we may receive letters or written messages from these mutes. Therein lies our dismay, our disappointment. We remember how well informed and educated they appeared to be. But their attempts to express themselves in English are pitiable indeed. Most of their sentences are so constructed as to make meaning difficult. To those of us who have long associated with deaf-mutes this is no surprise, but when it comes to uninitiated hearing people receiving such letters it is quite another proposition. They will first ask if the person writing such faulty English is a foreigner. If they receive a negative reply it follows that they will quite naturally think deaf people to be mentally deficient.

Then, unless some friend of the deaf comes along to explain the deaf-mutes' handicap in the struggle which he has to acquire intelligent English, it is certain that such strangers will prefer to keep clear of our silent people.

Years ago a deaf writer in the *Volta Review* urged the deaf in general to cultivate a daily reading habit. He argued that by this method all mutes with bright and active minds would be able to gain a good command of English. It is this same rule which applies to persons learning any of the foreign languages, as French and German. The wise professor will not allow his students to confine themselves too closely to the text-books, but will insist on them reading books of fiction as the best way to master the desired language.

Dr. Fay, of Gallaudet College, has recently urged upon the deaf to cultivate this same reading habit. Instead of congregating at socials for purely pleasure and indulging in amusements, often childish, the doctor would have us form reading circles and thereby use our time more profitably. This need cause no disturbance in our social atmosphere; on the other hand, it would add dignity and wisdom to our gatherings.

Perhaps we could further aid the deaf-mutes if, after all, we would follow the English order more in sign-making.

Like the semi-mute, the mute also has ambitions which he hopes to gratify sooner or later. He may aspire to be president of a club, a teacher, a minister, or the head of any other organization which will bring him in contact with hearing strangers, as business men, public officers, newspaper reporters, etc. Now, when such mute succeeds to the coveted head, and if his English be very faulty and if he refuses to admit it, as some of them do, then the best that the rest of us can do is to nurse our mortification and murmur, "it might have been different." For the exposure is bound to come at one time or another. It may be wafted about from tongue to tongue by a superior questioning public, or else scattered broadcast by newspapers.

For any authority high in public affairs to once assume that a deaf leader, who writes faulty and confused English, represents the whole of his class, is, to our reasoning, a real obstacle in our progress.

A bad impression like this could do more harm in one locality than all the Powers in the N. A. D. could hope to rectify in one year. Then let us urge upon the deaf everywhere to start a course of diligent reading. Especially should the mute learn to write intelligible English so as to avoid inflicting harm or discredit upon the innocent, but more fortunate, semi-mute.

Our habit of rendering a sort of biographical account of the different successful deaf men and women in our locality is one in which we take singular pleasure. But it is not our purpose to confine our character sketches to Southern California alone. For, during 1914-1915, we intend to go over other portions of the state, and even up into the Northwest in search of exemplary types of men and women who



Miss Helen Young, as she was two years ago; and as she is today, minus the big hat which has since gone out of style.

heretofore have received little or no mention in the Press. In this way we hope to give our Eastern readers some idea of Who is really Who in the far West. If this also have the wonted effect of stimulating their desire to visit the wonderful Panama-Pacific Exposition country, then we will feel that our efforts were rewarded.

In this issue we present Miss Helen Young, of Los Angeles, in her characteristic cheerful aspect. Three years ago she came here alone in search of new opportunities for earning a livelihood. For many years she had been a fashionable dressmaker in an Iowa town. Later she put sometime in Ohio. Then she visited relatives in Salt Lake City,—but we must not connect her with any of the Youngs of that celebrated Mormon family. For she bears not the ghost of kinship to them.

Finding the out-of-doors here too tempting to confine herself in the house at a cutting table or at a sewing machine, Miss Young decided to take up fancy-work instead. She does exquisite embroidering, crocheting and lace-making. This enables her to go out into the open with her work, where she can sit for hours in quiet, busy content. Her patrons are chiefly people of the wealthy classes. For, if Miss Young has their orders they know that they will get strictly first-class work. She commands a high price, and gets it, too.

She never attended a deaf school, although she became deaf at the age of five years. She received her education at home from her mother, who also taught her to be a good lip-reader. She had no opportunity to learn the signs until she left the old home in Iowa and began to associate with the deaf in general. Now she signs fluently.

In other ways Miss Young is also admirably accomplished. She is a great cook. Those of us who know, often wonder why she is not the practical, home-loving wife of some well-to-do man. Or, on the other hand, why isn't she at the head of the culinary department of some up-to-date hotel? She can best answer these questions herself. Still there is this to say: She is always a welcome visitor in the homes of rich and poor alike. The poor like her because she is not spoiled, and can adapt herself admirably to their ways while she is their guest. The rich like her too for her good, practical sense which they oft times lack.

In almost every home her coming is the signal for new and more toothsome dishes upon the family table. For Miss Young herself takes the greatest pleasure in sharing the kitchen work with the mistress of the house, and imparting to her some of her exceptional culinary knowledge. Many are the practical odds and ends into which she patiently instructs certain spinsters, whom she knows have too long cultivated the idle habit.

Being thus so worthily occupied one may readily see that Miss Young is not and never was addicted to the consoling canine and feline habit which overtakes so many spinsters.

Recently we read an account in the newspapers of a novel way in which the local authorities ascertained if a beggar in custody were really deaf and dumb as he claimed to be. He had been seen going the rounds soliciting alms by means of pad and pencil. When the police finally arrested him he made such sincere efforts to prove his affliction that they were touched, and thought that it might be wrong to lock the fellow up. So they sent him to the Receiving Hospital instead.

The case interested the doctors who set about in every way to prove if the fellow could really hear and speak after all. But nothing came of their efforts. It was only time wasted. As a last resort, however, the doctors and nurses, still speaking in audible tones, decided to put the fellow under the influence of ether, pretending that they would then cut off his arm. The preparations had hardly begun when the frightened impostor shrieked and opened his mouth to speak. He instantly heard again, too. Eagerly he promised to tell them every thing if only they would withdraw the sickening ether and spare his arm.

The next and proper place for him was the city jail, and there he went gladly. For he had decided that it were easier to serve out a judge's sentence than to submit to even so much as the threats of a surgeon.

We are told that within a short time three occurrences exactly like the one just described have taken place in our city. And we are grateful that we have men here who can successfully handle the impostors.

At this writing our gay social season is practically over, but the memory of it will live long in the minds of our Los Angeles Smart Silent Set. (How we hated to insert *Silent!*) As we predicted last fall it turned out to be the best and greatest period in our history of entertaining. Verily, a forerunner of 1915. Attention, Easterners. Now, it will not be our purpose to tire the men readers with long accounts of how each clever hostess entertained; nor shall we be able to satisfy the feminine craving for more minute details of this same Smart Set. Ostensibly, or for the sake of mentioning some of our winter visitors, we will chronicle briefly some of the exclusive affairs.

After an absence of two years Miss Annabelle





St. Patrick Day Luncheon Guests of Mesdames Sonneborn and Mrs. Henrietta Lefi, Los Angeles

Kent, of East Orange, N. J., returned to our circle last February. Whereupon Mrs. Laverne Wernstaff promptly announced her arrival by an attractive luncheon in her honor. In the course of the afternoon Mrs. Wernstaff had her guests try their skill at a rather proaic game of the kitchen. But Miss Kent, having never had to familairize herself with the pots and pans, which are so often a sore trial to the housewife, could hardly have been expected to win in this game. So, instead the prize more appropriately went to a practical married woman, Mrs. A. G. Kent.

The next socially important event was the St. Patrick luncheon given by the Mesdames Sonneborn and Mrs. Henrietta Lefi at their home. Not until after the guests had arrived did they know that they were here to meet Mrs. William A. Tilley, of San Francisco. It is always the Sonneborn way to spring agreeable surprises on their guests. The long table was resplendent with an abundance of green things, fair to the eye and tickling to the palate. There were green snakes, (but not to eat) tiny Irish plug hats filled with green candy, and large green cakes; while overhead hung green flags and Irish potatoes. The table cover was also of green cloth with a spread of white net over it. The color scheme in the menu was also the Shamrock green and white. An unusual number of jolly games were played during the afternoon, and the guests were further surprised at the large list of prizes distributed later. If any one have the means but feel a bit stupid in the art of entertaining,—well, ask the Sonneborns how.

Later, there was a very enjoyable "California Afternoon" given jointly by Miss Alice Chenoweth and Mrs. Louie Waddell. At this party every feature was eminently Californian, from the golden poppy decorations, and the yellow crepe girdles worn by each guest down to the pretty cafeteria supper. Many of the ladies had never before known of the cafeteria possibility in a private home, therefore it was a pleasant surprise to all? For drawing the best poppy with the eyes blind-folded Miss Isabel Neil won first prize. Besides this there were other games, and all the prizes were appropriate souvenirs of our golden state. Aside from being a California party Mrs. Waddell announced that it was also a

reception given in honor of the several visiting ladies, among whom there were also Mrs. W. H. Phelps, of Missouri, Mrs. Charles Thompson, of Minnesota, Mrs. Webber, of Manila, P. I., and Mrs. McDermaid, from Winnipeg, Canada.

Then Miss Kent entertained with a farewell party at her home in Pasadena. Reluctantly her many friends bade her good-bye, regretting that she could stay with us only a few weeks this time.

The Smart Silent Set (hang it! we have used that Silent again) next met at the lovely home party of Mrs. Thompson, where a sumptuous one o'clock dinner was served. Upon leaving the tables the ladies were ushered into waiting automobiles, and the rest of the afternoon was spent sight-seeing in Pasadena and the immediate country.

We had scarcely rested when came the next invitation. This time it was Mrs. Tilley generously asking the ladies to luncheon in an exclusive Broadway tea-room. Following this, the hostess further treated her guests to a fine moving picture matinee, Jack London's John Barleycorn.

There now, our account is long enough, still it is incomplete. Briefly speaking, we will conclude these society affairs in our next letter.

==

Said one deaf man to another: "If the N. A. D. succeeds in raising a \$50,000 Endowment Fund, what will it do with it? Second deaf man, "Why, that is easy,—they will spend it on postage stamps fighting one another."

Now in all corporations there is bound to arise disputes and disagreements. The deaf are no exception to the rule. What is human nature in our class is also human nature in another class. It is always so. Really, in the above incident we have a view, far-fetched and pessimistic, but from it we can see the wisdom in President Howard's plea for a "Calm, logical and dignified" discussion of all matters whatever.

A deaf and dumb lad named H. Legg, a member of the Fleet Wood Carving Class, has been successful in gaining a gold star—the highest award—at the Home Arts and Industrial Exhibition, held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, England, for a very fine carved fire screen, the design of which was the Hampshire rose, and a panel composed of foliage interwoven with stars for an oak cupboard.

## WASHBURN ETCHINGS SHOWN IN NEW YORK

An interesting exhibition of dry-point etchings by Cadwallader Washburn was recently held at the galleries of Frederick Keppel & Co., New York. The pictures were called by Mr. Washburn his New Jersey and Mexicans series and are thirty-nine in number.

The exhibition, attracted a good deal of attention and comment on the pictures in the New papers has been favorable. Critics seem to think that Mr. Washburn's art has made strides since his first exhibition two years ago.

Probably the American visitor who sees the etchings will be attracted more to the New Jersey series than to the Mexican views simply on the ground of being acquainted with that particular part of the world. The Jersey pictures are truly delightful and demonstrate Mr. Washburn's grasp of artistic values. With him a line means much and he will never be accused of what in literature is called verbosity.

For instance a small but virile one called "The Fisherman's Return," has color, strength and life and yet the workmanship seems reduced to the smallest. A line shows the beach, another line the distant horizon of the sea. You feel the atmosphere of loneliness, the sandy, surf-swept coast and you know the strength of the brawny fisherman, hauling up their boat.

"A Little Inlet, Ocean Gate," is a small but charming picture, "The Bridge at Mantoloking" very strong and colorful, "Sandy Stretch, Bayhead," "Low Tide, Barnegat Bay," "Quiet Inlet, Oceanport" and "Glimpse of the Manasquan River" convince the beholder that Mr. Washburn has become imbued with the poetry of the balmy coast. "Where Boats Beach" is a delightful small sketch and many will recognize the etching called "Bayhead in the Distance."

In the Mexican series perhaps the interior of the grand cathedral at Mexico City is most striking. It is deep in color and the forceful presentation of fine detail renders it exquisite. One realizes the deep shadows of the old church, its quiet and sacred peace.

In an issue of the International Studio, Frank Weitenkampf, chief of the prints division, New York public library, said in regard to Mr. Washburn's work:

"Lessons in etching he never had. After studying under H. Siddons Mobery at the Art Students' league, New York (about 1893-95), then for three years with W. M. Chase, in Spain with Sorolla and in Paris under Albert Bernhard, he one day exchanged canvas and brush for plate and needle. One may not always see just as he did, one may even find his powers inadequate in certain instances, but his seriousness and steadfastness of purpose are always undoubted. From Italy the wanderlust took him to Japan, Cuba and Mexico. His travels in various lands have resulted in groups of series of plates which accentuate well-defined stages of development.

"His adaptiveness in method to subject, his sober enthusiasm and the ever fresh aspects of the world about him which he sees and records, warrant one in believing that the full measures of his development is yet to come. But in the meantime it seemed worth while to note the milestones in his career already passed, to record the progress of an interesting individual factor in the present American renaissance of painter-etching."

## WHAT THE MANUAL ALPHABET IS

Language in the orthographic form, as we are accustomed to use it in writing and print is addressed to sight. Any one can learn to read this form of language written in the air by means of the manual alphabet as readily as he can read writing. The manual alphabet has nothing to do with signs or "the sign language;" it is a manner of writing English, and as a means of intercourse with the deaf, it is preferable to writing on paper, being more rapid and convenient.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot will be overcome by that perseverance which, like Cromwell's can make the iron hot by striking; and he that can only rule the storm must yield to him who can both raise and rule it.—*Colton*.

# DEAF-MUTE MISSION AT ST. PHILOMENA'S CHURCH



ONE of the most singular yet interesting pages in the history of St. Philomena's Church, will be the one recording the Mission given at St. Philomena's to the Deaf-Mutes of Greater Pittsburgh, Pa. The Mission opened on Sunday, March 22nd, at 4:00 P.M., and closed solemnly on the following Sunday, at 8:00 P.M. Every evening at eight o'clock, the customary mission-sermons were signed by Rev. Charles J. Burger, C.S.S.R., the Deaf-Mute Missionary. The sermons were preceded by and "Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Glory Be to The Father" and the hymn, "Come Holy Ghost, Creator Blest." After each sermon followed the signing of another hymn in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus or Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and the whole service concluded with Benediction.

A special platform had been erected in the sanctuary, from which Rev. Father Burger signed the sermons, prayers and hymns. On the communion-railing before him were placed three powerful lights, thus enabling the deaf-mutes to see clearly and distinctly every sign and letter made by the Missionary. The prayers and hymns were always signed in unison, and it was a beautiful and touching sight to behold. On Saturday evening a most beautiful shrine in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary was erected near the communion-railing, in front of which stood two small and two larger deaf-mute children. The smaller children begged our Blessed Mother to accept also the larger children, the married men and women of the Mission. In their innocence and holiness these children begged our Blessed Mother to accept also the adult deaf-mutes as her children. Thereupon follow the solemn consecration of the adult deaf-mutes to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Very many hearing people attended the Mission every night, but especially on Sunday, the day of the solemn close of the Mission, when the church was overcrowded. On this occasion the deaf-mutes arose in a body and solemnly promised to make use of the means of perseverance, namely, prayer, the monthly reception of the Sacraments and the avoidance of the proximate occasion of sin. Solemn Benediction thereupon followed at which Rev. T. F. Coakley, D.D., was Celebrant, Rev. Jas. Wernert, C.S.S.R., Deacon and Rev. Conrad Kraus, C.S.S.R., Subdeacon. After Benediction the "Blessed be God" was sung by the choir and signed by Rev. Father Burger and the deaf-mutes. The Mission finally ended with the majestic and sublime hymn, "Holy God We Praise Thy Name."

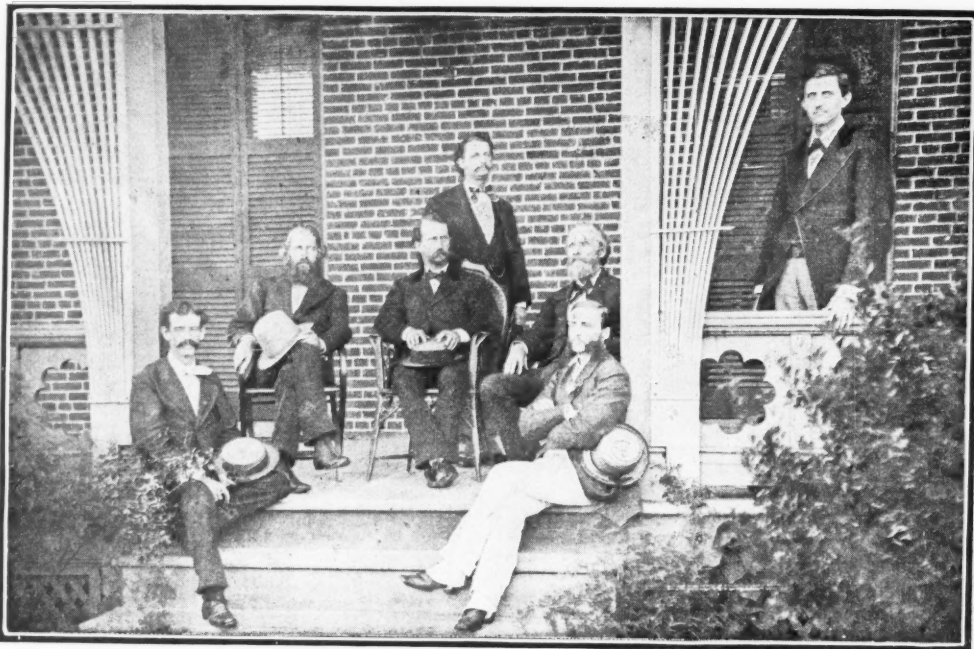
What served to enhance this Mission was the presence of Rt. Rev. John Francis Regis Canevin, D.D., our own beloved Bishop, on Tuesday night, and that of Rt. Rev. Vincent Wehrle, C.S.B., D.D., of Bismark, North Dakota, on Thursday night. Both Rt. Rev. Bishops were touched at heart by the zeal and earnestness of the deaf-mutes and praised the work in glowing and encouraging terms.

The Mission was also attended by thirty non-Catholic deaf-mutes, they having been also invited to make the Mission. For their benefit a special sermon was preached to them on the subjects, "Confession" and "Indifferentism," or "Is One Religion as Good as Another?"

Three days before this Mission a Mission of three days duration was given to the deaf-mute children at the De Paul Institute, Brookline, Pa. It was a most touching sight to see these children sign the prayers and hymns with Reverend Father Burger. The earnestness and zeal displayed by these children at their Mission was most edifying and a noble example for hearing children.

Without a doubt a statement of this Mission will be of interest to the reading public, especially and if of the Catholic Faith. For this reason the following statement is given:

Counting in the children and the non-Catholic adults, one hundred and thirty-six (136) deaf-mutes attended the Mission; of these, one hundred and one (100) Catholic deaf-mutes went to con-



GALLAUDET COLLEGE FACULTY FORTY YEARS AGO

From left to right, seated: Dr. Amos G. Draper, Prof. J. W. Chickering, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, Prof. Samuel A. Porter, Dr. John B. Hotchkiss; standing: Dr. Edward A. Fay, Prof. Joseph C. Gordon.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR DEAF

Photo. by Mac.

fession and to Holy Communion.

The prayers signed at the childrens' and the adults' Mission were,—"Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Apostles Creed," "Glory Be to The Father," Acts of "Faith," "Hope," "Charity" and "Contrition," and, lastly, "Blessed Be God."

The hymns signed were, Holy God We Praise Thy Name," "Come Holy Ghost, Creator Blest," "Jesus My Lord, My God, My All," "O Jesus Christ Remember," "O Lord, I am not worthy," "What Happiness Can Equal Mine," "Blessed Be God," "Hear The Heart of Jesus Pleading," "Mother Dear Oh! Pray For Me!" "Maiden Mother Meek and Mild," "On This Day Oh! Beautiful Mother," and "O Maid Conceived Without a Stain."

The sermons preached were, "The Idea of a Mission," "Salvation of Soul," "Mortal Sin," "Hell," "Confession," "Indifferentism," "The Blessed Mother of God" and "The Means of Perseverance."

After the Mission the deaf-mutes presented Rev. Father Burger with a purse of \$32.00 and an extra gift of a golden Rosary from the Knights of De l'Epee, blessed especially for him by the Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburgh; also a handsome and immense box of candy given by Mr. Peter Gilooly.

Rev. Father Burger thanked them all sincerely for their big heartedness and once more begged them to remain true to their good resolutions and promises of the Mission. He also takes this occasion to thank all who in any way, either by their services or by their donations or their prayers, helped towards the sion.

In St. Joseph's School for the Deaf, Oakland, is domiciled a very small Esquimaux boy who shows signs of brightness. A Catholic missionary, traveling in the bitter cold regions of Alaska, found this lad and arranged for his transportation to the fair city of Oakland. His name is James Kamasoff— which name the boy of six winters could spell out with his fingers after five month's instruction.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute.*

If you should see a large poster in front of a picture show announcing the appearance of "A Voice from the Silence," step in and see it. It is a revision of the book of the same name written by Howard L. Terry, a deaf man residing at Santa Monica, California. It was considered a fine work by one of the largest film manufactures, and it now appears in three reels.—*Western Pennsylvanian.*





By Miss Petra T. Fandrem, Duluth, Minn.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,  
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,  
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud  
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,  
It's a pretty  
good plan  
to forget it!

If you know of a skeleton hidden away  
In a closet and guarded and kept from the day,  
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden  
display  
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,  
It's a pretty  
good plan  
to forget it!

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy  
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,  
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy  
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,  
It's a pretty  
good plan  
to forget it!

—Selected.



THE President of the N. A. D. would say:—"Now I fondly twines me legs around the stool that holds me \$20. typewriter," and proceeds.

Way back in the summer of 1913 the Iowa Association for the Advancement of the Deaf held a convention. Ever since *The Deaf Hawkeye* has been printing the minutes of said convention and they certainly are the most long drawn out minutes we ever heard of.

—O—

The Zenith Branch of the N. A. D. is right there with the good times, as can be seen by the enclosed pictures taken at a banquet held at Mr. J. C. Howard's home not long ago. Let the other Branches have their "pishures took" and see if they can beat us.

—O—

Some things in this world don't seem fair at all. Here is the Fanwood School which for years has been the only military school for the deaf in the world, and because North Carolina happens to give a little attention to the military education of the pupils at the School for the Deaf, the War Department up and furnishes it with a lot of rifles. Of course we are more than proud of Mr. Birek who was one of our classmates, and yet we feel that Fanwood was rather slighted on this occasion.

—O—

The *Michigan Mirror* just couldn't wait until Easter to come out in its new dress. The size of the paper is convenient not only for mailing but for

those who care to save all the numbers of the magazine, as in the smaller form, it can be more easily bound. The last number of the mirror was the Industrial Number and it is not only instructing but interesting as well. This plan of telling what your school does, is a good thing, as it shows those who may not believe it that the school is progressing.

—O—

The following clipping from the *Tucson Citizen* (Arizona), will be of especial interest to the members of our Nebraska Parents' Association as showing the movement for organizing of parents to promote the oral education of the deaf started by them is spreading:

"A number of parents of Arizona deaf children met Monday evening, the 16th inst., at the home of Richard Ronstadt and organized an association to be known as 'The Arizona Parents' Association to Promote the Oral Education of the Deaf.'"

"Richard Ronstadt of Tucson was elected president of the new association and S. G. Crabtree of Phoenix, secretary and treasurer.

"The purposes of the association are to build up the Arizona School for the Deaf and to aid all deaf children of Arizona in getting an education, and in particular to forward the movement for the teaching of deaf children to talk and read the lips and become natural children as near as possible.

"The organizers of the association wish to get into communication with the parents of all deaf children in Arizona and desire that they join this association for the mutual benefit of their children.

"Notwithstanding the fight made against it by persons personally interested, the movement for the oral education of the deaf says that it is rapidly growing all over the United States. Fifteen parents attended the organization meeting."

\*\*\* "to forward the movement for the teaching of deaf children to talk and read the lips and become natural children as near as possible."

This is adding insult to injury. We have yet to meet a deaf child who was not natural. The following from the *North Dakota Banner*, although it is not at all connected with the above expresses our sentiments so well that we wish to reproduce it:

Deaf and Dumb children are being taught to talk in Seattle public schools.

Their speech is restored and they become such marvelous lip-readers that they are able to understand practically every word spoken to them.

Fourteen-year-old Frances Hedlund is a striking example of what this department is accomplishing. At the time of her enrollment Frances was unable to utter even a faint sound. Today she talks almost perfectly and "hears" well by her ability to read lips.

So expert is this little girl at lip reading that a stranger talking with her would be unable to realize that she is deaf. She reads lips even from the profile. Eighty-five per cent of those enrolled in the class can now talk. Sometimes the work is slow, depending largely upon the mentality of the pupils. In some cases it has required a year for a child to acquire a vocabulary of 50 words.

Recently the class gave an entertainment. Included on the program was a minuet, which was done very gracefully and with perfect time, despite the fact that none of those taking part was able to hear the music.

The piano player, a young boy, who is deaf, has never heard the music he plays so well. He follows the vibrations.—*The Minneapolis Tribune*.

The highly colored statements in the above clipping were evidently made by a reporter unacquainted with the deaf, one who was easily misled in his conclusions

after watching the "marvelous" exhibition in speech and lip-reading by a few of the bright pupils who are known as semi-mutes—deaf children who have lost their hearing after they had learned to speak. What statement made without much regard for the truth is more absurd and foolish than this: "At the time of her enrollment Frances was unable to utter even a faint sound?" Every mother of a deaf child knows how lustily that child can yell, when it is not allowed to carry out its own sweet will, or when father applies the shingle at a high degree of warmth? The whole thing reminds us of a big picture of a freak cow painted on canvas at a circus that we saw in the days of our teens. The picture showed the cow with two perfectly formed heads, four eyes, as many ears and horns, and the necks were long enough to allow her to lick both of her sides at the same time, but the picture depicted one head in the act of drinking the cool water in a tank, and the other complacently rolling her cud in mouth number two. This cow was certainly worth seeing, we thought, and bought our ticket. But alas! what we really saw was an ordinary-looking cow with one good head that she could use; the other was attached to the right side of the normal head and was worse than useless.

Let us keep educational work specially the good oral work done in our schools, out of the side-show of the circus.

—O—

Mr. S. W. Harris of Mississippi, is still on the job, we mean jobs, for he certainly is holding down a number of them. Besides all the work he is doing in schools and out of school he has found time to introduce a bill in the legislature against impostors. This bill has already passed the Senate and is now before the House. It is earnestly hoped that the bill will pass and become a law.

—O—

It is up to the supporters of the Combined Method to make the most of the case of Mary Wooslayer, who is now attending the University of Utah. She is no exception to the rule. She is just an average deaf girl—with maybe a slice more of ambition.

—O—

#### I SHOULD WORRY

Like a pillow and slip away.  
Like the moon and get full.  
Like a rug and get walked on.  
Like a chair and get sat on.  
Like a pool table and get all balled up.  
Like a rabbit and lose my hair.  
Like a barber pole and wear stripes.  
Like a mandolin and get picked on.  
Like a comb and lose my tooth.  
Like a fish and set the hook.  
Like a violin and have a beau.  
Like a peach and get canned.  
Like a lace curtain and get stretched.  
Like a policeman and beat it.  
Like a shoe and get a lacing.  
Like a newspaper and get read all over.  
Like a frog and croak.  
Like an orange and get skinned.  
Like a gun and get loaded.  
Like a paving block and get trimmed.  
Like a bottle and break my neck.  
Like a lemon and get squeezed.  
Like a well and be pumped.  
Like a bird and lose a bill.  
Like a table cloth and get wrinkled.  
Like a gum drop and get chewed.  
Like an echo and repeat things.—*Exchange*.



Banquet of the Zenith Branch of the N. A. D., held At the Home of Mr. J. C. Howard in Duluth, Minn., recently.

# The TRENT

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night's entertainment

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F. F. Proctor's Park Place Theatre.....Newark, N. J.  
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F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Albany, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Bijou Park.....Albany, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Annex.....Albany, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Troy, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Lyceum Theatre.....Troy, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Cohoes, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Jersey St. Theatre.....Elizabeth, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Broad St. Theatre.....Elizabeth, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Plainfield, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Opera House.....Plainfield, N. J.  
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### TRAPSHOOTING DEVELOPS MANLY TRAITS IN BOYS

A new, though logical, development of the sport of trapshooting is the forming of "junior" clubs as auxiliaries of trapshooting clubs. Naturally, the ranks of the boys' organizations are largely recruited from the families of members of the senior clubs. The pioneer in the movement was the Columbus, Ohio, Gun Club and the plan worked so successfully that many other trapshooting clubs throughout the country have adopted the idea.

Aside from the perfectly natural desire of the average American boy to shoot, there is no sport better adapted to the development of manly qualities than trapshooting.

Perhaps, no other game requires so much or such rapid head work as the breaking of the clay skimmers. An analysis of the apparently simple act of hitting the flying target shows that it includes a certain degree of courage to fire the shot; quick judgment in deciding the angle of flight and elevation, the effect of wind in deflecting the target from its normal course, and equally rapid action in following, leading, etc., and firing the charge. Steadiness, cool-headedness, nerve, judgment and physical control result from regular work at the trap.

### WOMEN SHOOTERS DEMAND EQUAL RIGHTS

If you should see a squad of women carrying gun cases, don't jump at the conclusion that they are militant suffragettes suffering with Pankhurst-phobia. No, indeed, though, in a sense, American women are fast becoming "bugs" to secure "equal rights" with men in a field that until recently had been considered exclusively one for the masculine.

Stripping the subject of all mystery, women have invaded the trapshooting game and are becoming gun bugs of the veriest sort.

This latest development of the feminist movement had its real beginning scarcely more than two years ago and has grown to such an extent that organization interested in the promotion of trapshooting have found it necessary to organize departments for the benefit of women shooters.

While, here and there, the name of a woman entrant in a shoot had appeared, no club composed of women existed until the Nemours Gun Club was formed at Wilmington, Delaware. Later, the matter was given national notice by the entry of ten members of the Nemours Club in the 1913 Eastern Handicap, held on the grounds of the Nemours and Du Pont trapshooting clubs at Wilmington. It is predicted by those well informed on the subject, that within a few years practically every important trapshooting club will be called upon to extend the courtesy of the use of its grounds to women gun artists.

### BIG HANDICAP SHOTS PLANNED FOR 1914

The 50,000,000 clay pigeons, trapped during 1913, set a new high mark for the truly American sport of trapshooting. But even this enormous total will be eclipsed by the figures that will be hung up at the end of 1914.

The Interstate Association already has under way preparations for staging the classic events of this year. Never before had there been such keen rivalry among cities for the honor of holding the Grand American and the sectional handicaps, and it was with difficulty that the association made the allotments which follow: G. A. H., Dayton, Ohio; Southern, Roanoke, Va.; Southwestern, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Eastern,

AT ALL TIMES

## ROCK ISLAND LINES

service appeals most strongly to the prospective traveler in the West. To those who contemplate attending the conventions of the **National Fraternal Society of the Deaf at Omaha, Neb.**, and the **National Association of the Deaf at San Francisco, Cal.**, in August, 1915, the appeal is still more emphatic.

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Bradford, Pa.; Western, Green Bay, Wis. The Pacific Coast Handicap will be awarded later.

The holding of the Grand American at Dayton will be a "return engagement" in acknowledgment of the fact that the 1913 meet in that city was unprecedented in American sports, taking the number of participants as a basis of determination of importance; more than 500 shooters toed the mark, and something like eight tons of shot, fired in ounce and one-quarter charges were left on the field at the close of the four days of shooting.

In the selection of Bradford, Pa., as the scene of the Eastern Handicap, that city secures a return of the largest of the sectional events, the 1912 Eastern having been staged by the Bradford Gun Club.

In addition to the "big six," fifteen tournaments, in various sections of the United States have been "registered" with the Interstate Association. The total number of days of shooting covered by the events already registered will be twenty-six. State shoots, inter-state, inter-city, league, special events at numerous trapshooting clubs, and the regular weekly, semi-monthly and monthly shoots of the 2,674 clubs, scattered throughout the country, will make a total that a few if any other sport can equal.

L. O. Christenson owns a job printing office in Seattle, Wash. He also owns the *Observer* of which P. L. Axling is the editor.

Mr. Charles N. Haskins, who taught for some years in the Ohio School and later in Chicago, has established at Valparaiso, Indiana, a "School of Service for the Deaf." His aim appears to be to give a sort of post-graduate course to the deaf who wish to pursue special branches, or to add to their general culture.—*Ky. Standard*.



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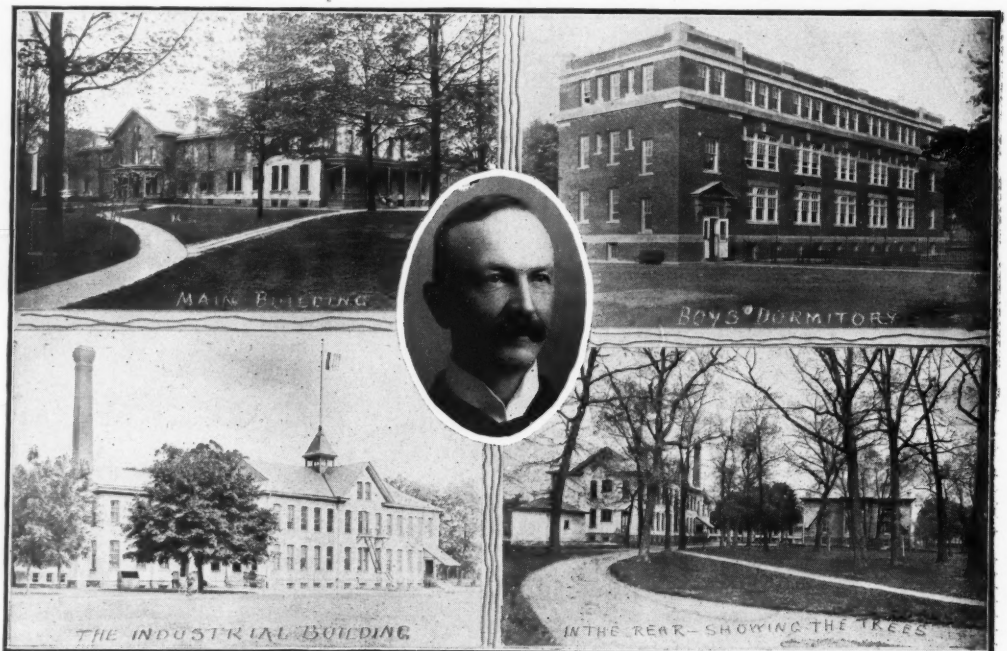
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